Encounter

Musicians	**Peter Ustinov**
Modern Minds	**Michael Polanyi**
Jews	**J L Talmon**
Psycho-analysts	**Alasdair MacIntyre**
Story	**William Sansom**

Zeffirelli	**John Gross**
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Galbraith	**Leon Keyserling**
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Nabokov	**Anthony Burgess**
Lengyel	**Paul Ignotus**
Poem	**W H Auden**

edited by
Stephen Spender & Melvin J Lasky
May 1965 140
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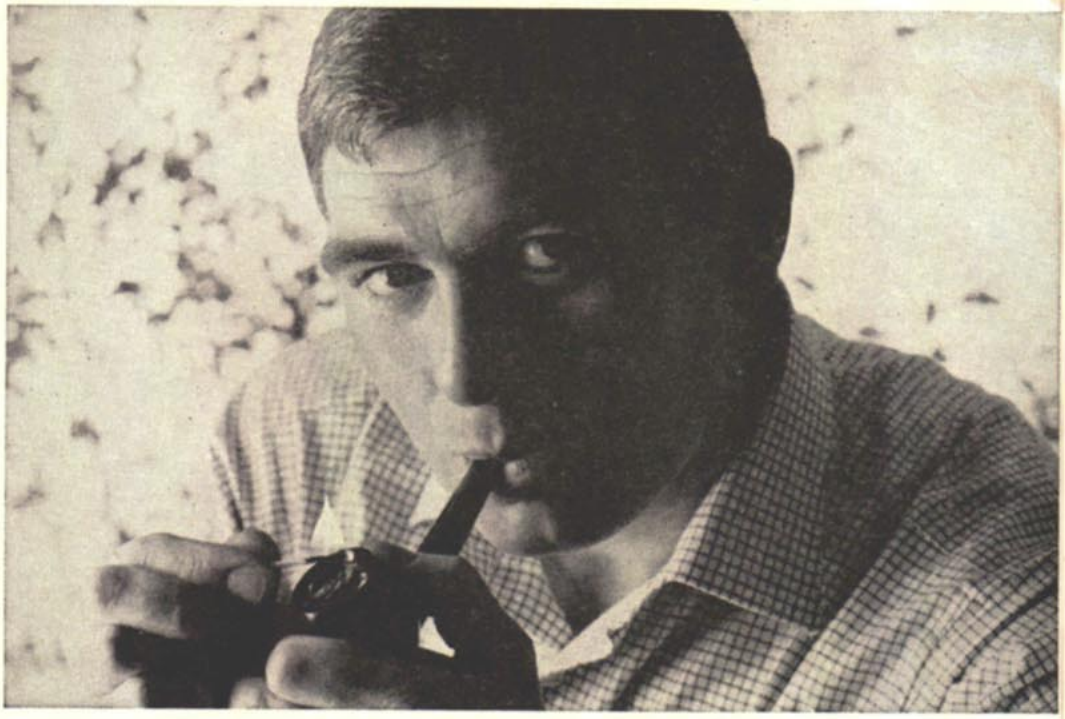

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Encounter

Edited by STEPHEN SPENDER *and* MELVIN J. LASKY

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A New Labour Daily Newspaper owned by its readers

SIGNIFICANT . . . INFLUENTIAL . . .

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A SIGNIFICANT and responsible national daily newspaper of the Left, in the major quality field, is planned for the Autumn of 1965. It will be committed to the support of the Labour Party and Movement but will be completely independent. It will rank among the great newspapers of the world. Its influence will be international; its integrity unquestioned.

The new Labour daily newspaper will be owned democratically—by its readers. The maximum shareholding permitted will be 2½% of the total capital. It will have no official ties whatever with the Labour Party or the TUC but it will be financed and staffed by loyal Socialists and trade unionists. Its shareholders will be exclusively its readers—individuals and organisations such as Trade Unions and Socialist Societies. Under its Constitution the paper will work for Labour. It will be the true voice of Labour Britain. But it will be outside any influence from Transport House or Congress House.

The title of the new newspaper has not yet been decided although a number of suggestions have been made. Here again, it will be the readers themselves who make the final choice. For the time being the paper will be referred to as "The Labour Daily" in this and other announcements.

The Labour Daily will pay its way from the first issue. It will accept advertising, of course, but it will not be influenced by advertisers. It will succeed, without any advertising at all, if it is bought each morning by a minimum of 150,000 people. In a great Movement 12,000,000 strong, this surely is a target that can be attained—and exceeded. It means that one in every 80 Labour supporters has to place a regular order for the paper to be assured of success.

ARE YOU ONE OF THOSE 80?

If you are, please do these four things urgently:

1. **Undertake to buy the new Labour Daily for at least a year.**
2. **Tell your friends about it and persuade them to order it, too.**
3. **If you feel strongly enough that Britain really needs a quality Labour daily newspaper, send a donation to the One Million Half-Crowns Fund (see column on right.).**
4. **Suggest a title for the new paper.**

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The One Million Half-Crowns Fund

PRE-PUBLICATION costs of an undertaking of this size will be around £125,000. These include advertising, payment of wages, rent, printed matter and all the other expenses which will be incurred before the paper is first published. This is the amount that will be written off as launching costs.

Can 12,000,000 Labour supporters contribute, as gifts, the One Million Half-Crowns needed to launch the paper? If they do, the paper will become a reality. That is why this Appeal is made for a million half-crowns **immediately.**

You can send in one half-crown or ten thousand—just according to what you can afford and how much you want to see the creation of a great Labour newspaper.

- Every donation to the Fund will be acknowledged. If publication of the paper does not take place, donations will be handed over to the Labour Party General Election Fund and to named charities.
- Additional members of the Provisional Founders Council will be appointed from the donors and the Council will become a Trust which will be responsible for all policy.
- A Public Company or Co-operative Society will be set up and every pledged reader, whether a donor or not, will be given an opportunity to participate. The Company or Society will be responsible for the day-to-day operation of the paper.
- Suggested titles for the paper will be analysed and the choice of title announced as soon as possible.
- If the response to this Appeal is big enough and quick enough the publication date of the Labour Daily will be announced next month.

The members of the Provisional Founders Council include:

Mr. Ernest Kay, editor and journalist (convener).
Lord Willis, Labour Peer and television personality.
Mr. George Elvin, trade union general secretary.
Professor George Catlin, leading political scientist.
Dr. Vera Brittain, D.Litt., author and critic.
A Socialist lawyer.
A Socialist chartered accountant.

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2. I enclose Cheque/Postal Order/Note(s) for £ s. d. as my donation to the One Million Half-Crowns Fund on the understanding that it will be used exclusively towards pre-publication costs and for no other purpose: (Please make cheques payable to "Labour Daily")

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William Sansom

Cops and Robber

THEY WERE HOPPING about the pavements on their little ladders, using them like stilts, window-cleaners all in the clear Spring sunshine.

"I'm Op-along Cassidy—what's come to blow your ruddy brains out!"

"Never 'ad no brains, angel-tits."

"Git up them stairs!"

A dark green van stood winking bright with silver bits. Curly white words along the sides announced: RELIANCE TECHNICAL CLEANERS AND PARTNERS. Behind it, expensive new red and white houses stood back from gardenettes sprouting new laburnum and cherry trees. Tulips stood sentinel. The particular house where the van stood glistened glassily with new-polished windows, overbright, as if a vacuum cleaner had gone sucking mad. The Reliance boys had done a good job.

Now two of them had mounted those little wedge-topped ladders, one to each leg, and were strutting them up and down the white concrete pavement. They looked as if they were walking on stilt-high crutches. The other two jumped about and whipped them on with their leathers. They knew how to crack a damp leather. The open April air cracked wide with backfires and pistol shots.

All in their shirt-sleeves the Partners looked a bright lot, breezy in the best sense, washed with air and muscle, bouncing bright as yellow paint in the Spring, and now the brighter for a morning's work done and dinnertime.

And bright repartee winged high on the air as they hopped and thrashed: "Dirty great steak pud waiting to get me down the caff—but I'm not scared, boy."

"Kate and Sidley? Pooh—I gotta a gammon and two-on-a-raft after me. Tell my Mum I loved her."

In the van then, ringing of buckets and clatter of ladders—a woof at an astonished dog, a wolf-whistle at a mop shaking itself like the head of a mad old woman out of a high window—and off the van whizzed, young Nob and Don and Pincher and old George crouched like soldiers in a truck, swaying together, eyes for everything they passed. "Ma-a-a-a-!" they all went at a man with a beard, and were off round the corner.

The street of red houses resumed its new-Georgian nicety. Every square brick showed an exact white pointing, carriage lamps whispered to bay-trees in tubs, white-painted garage doors slept quiet until master should come home. A learner driver ambled past slow as a beetle, stopping and starting and nosing for food. One To-Let sign, red and black letters on white, brought a slight sense of warning into the residential air innocent, it seemed, of a single resident. Nothing else but a cat watching a bird, which flew off.

DOWN THE CAFF, the Partners sat wedged at crowded ease along a table covered with salt-cellars, sauces, and plates. The air clattered with talk: and since they were of a self-employed class the talk naturally turned to business.

Young Nobby Clark pushed fair hair out of his cold bright eyes and through tomato ketchup opined: "Right lovely to be your

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own boss? Take an afternoon off down the pictures knowing it's costing you three nicker, eh?"

Big Don, a large, white-faced gloomy man in love with his muscle, filled his mouth with spuds and gravy: "Er," he said.

Old George grumbled at his naked forearms all covered with blue tattoo: "Work? These buggers'll be going round and round long after I'm in the grave, God help the ruddy worms. Pincher—you swallowed your bleeding tongue? Sick it up, boy, say something—"

Pincher Martin, pale and thoughtful, biceps like goose-eggs standing out from his white arms, licked a pea off his knife and gave with scorn: "All you geezers talk of's cash. Don't you never think of nothing else? You got duties. I seen something this morning. I'm thinking."

"There'll be a burst, who wants a bellyful of brains over 'is plate?"

"Seen something? Aintcha seen enough yet? Call yourself a window-cleaner," big Don said, "you could stock Smithfield with the charlies I seen in my dear day."

"You wouldn't credit what I got last week," Nobby giggled, "couple of kinkies, and this feller was belting into this bird and 'er yelling ooer and ow and ouch and 'arder my love 'arder. Nearly fell off the old steps, second floor too. Internal telly-aerial 'e was using," he added thoughtfully.

Pincher's face stared down at his plate. He drew a P with his forefinger in white gravy and grease. "I seen a man breaking into Number Forty next door."

"Good luck to 'im."

"Next door? That's Mrs. Gold's."

"Gone away a week, she said."

"Nice old girl, took me in and give me a Guinness."

"Didn't get your secret, did she, General?"

Pincher wiped the grease on his finger carefully on to his trousers and banged his fist on the table.

"Nice old girl, you're right," he said. "But even if she wasn't? What are we? Where's our responsibilities?"

"What you mean—tell the coppers?"

"And spend a couple of weeks round the courts? On the first inst at 11 ack emma m'lud, I saw—. Go down the garage and let the air out!"

Pincher looked round at them slowly, his dark blue eyes sullen: "I said what about coppers? What're we made of, us four?"

"Bleedin' Bakewell Tart."

"All right then," Pincher said. "Drink the old girl out of Guinness, yes Mrs. Gold and no Mrs. Gold and thank you for the half dollar Mrs. Gold—but do the old puss a good turn back? Not Reliance Cleaners and Partners, no, they like to keep their noses clean, snotty bunch of lilies—"

"You calling *who* a lily?" Nob said, bunching himself.

"Steady, mate," from Big Don, "that's not nice Pinch."

Pincher just said: "Lilies."

Don stood up. It was looking nasty. When somebody lost his temper the whole team got put out of balance, it would be one of those afternoons belly-aching about who should do which, moans about always getting the hottest room (it was twice the sweat in a room with a fire on) and it always meant some other mess-up like a broken sash-cord or a ladder through glass—something always went wrong when the team lost their heads. So old George tried to cover it quickly.

"Don't be too easy with your opinions," he said, gumming a coaxing smile where teeth might have been. "Remember the feller what was off out to get the old commooters train and 'is twenty-stone wife suddenly starts beefing from the bathroom 'elp 'enery I'm stuck—"

"God save us," said Don, closing his eyes. "Not again."

"So up this geezer dashes and finds the missus birthday suit and all wedged fast in the bath. Couldn't move a load like that for love nor money and just then the window-cleaner's ladder goes bonk on the window-sill outside so off comes this gallant geezer's bowler-'at and he plomps it down on the missus's you know what. She's got 'er great fat fingers like a pound of sausages all over

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'er charlies, so she's fair covered when the window-cleaner sticks 'is nut in. 'What'm I gonna do? What'm I gonna do?' yells the husband to the daredevil with the leather. So the window-cleaner scratches 'is 'ead looks down at the bowler titfer and says—"

"You've got to get *'im* out first," they all groaned at once. "Used to tell it us in the cradle," Nobby moaned, " 'n didn't I cry."

But it had smoothed things over. The old man knew. Though he did not then know how far it would take them. For now the sense of relief made for new solidarity, so that they all felt together like a team again, partners and reliant, and Big Don said, "Let's give another think to Mrs. Gold's burglar—leastways Reliance could scare the arse off the villain and no one the worse?"

AT TWO O'CLOCK they drove back to the house. But now they were serious, more like soldiers than ever, two crouched in the back as if over a floorboard game of cards.

It had all been worked out. The empty house next door was very much the same as the one they had cleaned up that morning. If there were questions, they could plead they had simply gone to the wrong number. In any case they had worked for Mrs. Gold in the past and could easily pretend it was a rota visit—for a visit they had decided on, a quiet setting up of the works and surrounding the enemy, all exits barred.

The plan of action was as follows:

The old man was given a look-out position in the front, where he set up his ladder and began fiddling with a leather.

Big Don held the key position, the side entrance, most likely spot for a get-away—he stood himself up against a little lavatory window and made a big fuss about it, slinging his bucket on a little lead snout sticking from the wall, the cistern overflow, and the small-size window-cleaner's brassy bucket stuck there like another carriage lamp.

Young Nob was liaison.

Pincher was the spear-head, charged with looking into all the back rooms.

But was that man still in there?

He had been seen getting in through an open window; and it was still open, Pincher saw. But a quick look through into the downstairs rooms showed nothing—except that now each room was charged with suspicion, all looked like empty rooms full of people who were not there, mirrors were full of motionless movements, shadows had the shape of watchers, every armchair was a man slumped asleep. Pincher looked edgily into these rooms: a dining-room full of glass that winked like a boneyard, still as death; a kitchen massed with cupboards each containing a man—and Pincher moved now on his toes, with his heart in his mouth and his stomach in his gullet, a cross between a fearless commando and an old lag on the run. He had to keep his eyes on the gardens to either side too, he was no longer on the level and the trees were full of coppers. No more wolf whistles at mops, no more ma-a-as at beards: Pincher was in the right and the wrong at the same time, making it all right dicey.

Nothing for it but a message to the front. A bit of race-track tick-tack—Pincher extending his arms up and down and pointing to the upper windows. Nob on liaison crouched half-round the side entrance, saluted and sped off.

"Wants the long ladder," he panted to Big Don by his lavatory window. Don nodded darkly.

"It's the long ladder now," Nob grunted at old George anxiously scanning the street for God knows what. Old George raised his eyes to heaven at the news. Un-nerved, not having anything proper to do—he had been screwing and unscrewing his leather to look like work—he now started work in earnest on Mrs. Gold's window panes.

"Stop it, you old fool!" Nob hoarsed across at him as he ran back with the ladder. "You're squeaking fit to wake the—"

The dead . . . how dead in the clean sunlight the house looked, sunny, silent, secret. People in houses ought to make noises. There are solid old Victorian mansions, shuttered it seems for years, whose front doors can open to reveal a thrum of people crowding into the very vestibule, even parties going on. But

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here it was one stage worse, because this was a wide open empty house, glassily open with all curtains wide, yet with a known man in it, prowling, soft-footed, perhaps armed and felonious wild. Something sinister, too, in the air of any fine suburban afternoon: something to do with lunch being over, all life subsiding, the sun past its zenith, empty hours ahead, people resting or retired to work in quiet corners, stillness everywhere, afternoon its own death until the trump call for tea. Meanwhile, silence: and trees mirrored dark as film negative in the windows.

Nob came round with the ladder: Pincher set it, and went up.

AT THE VERY FIRST window he looked through he jolted back. Nob below opened out his arms to catch him—carefully stepping out of the way at the same time—but Pincher held on, and now crouched awkwardly he nosed his head just above the sill and looked in again, holding his hand angled up behind his back with its thumb up. Then he got bolder, looked right in, flattening his nose against the window. "O Gawd, he'll get done," Nob thought.

But Pincher was scuttling down again with a finger to his lips; "Shh!" he whispered, "he's taking a kip!"

Then he ran round the corner to Big Don and the old man: "Flat out on the best bed! What the 'ell can you do with this lark?"

They put their heads together, H.Q. in the shade of the side entrance by the lavatory window, baffled. All very well to collar a fellow on the run—but in cold blood, standing round the bed waiting for him to wake up? Like a lot of relatives buzzed up like blue-bottles round the bed of the dying? What was the geezer up to anyway, lying down on the job?

"They're like that, some," Don grimly said. "On the run and tiring themselves. It's oh my poor feet and anything for a siddown."

"They like to make theirselves at home," George said.

"I read of a geezer dressed 'isself up in a suit from the wardrobe,' Pincher muttered, "cooked a dinner and drunk up all the Scotch. They found 'im there 'aving forty winks and a cigar burned through the weskit. The guvnor wasn't arf mad about that weskit."

"I'm not waiting about while 'e cooks 'isself a dinner."

"So we got to wake 'im, eh?"

Pincher said: "Gently does it. I could begin by making kind of scufflin' sounds up on the window."

"What say I get an arm in the carzey 'ere and pull the chain?"

"Might be dreaming and wet the mattress. Think of Mrs. Gold."

"Look, why don't we—?"

And they agreed then to put a bold face on it and actually clean the windows at the back, that way they would feel somehow legal there and if anything rough or desperate happened they'd be on solid ground, able either to catch the man or stand back if things got nasty. Cleaning the windows would give enough rattle and squeak and clang to disturb someone inside, yet not call the attention of the street out in front, running as it was with coppers leading about their big bow-wows.

"What's 'e like?" Nob asked as an afterthought. "I mean, size and all?"

"Twenty stone and seven foot," Pincher swore. "Go through you like a pot of senna."

"Wish I'd gone down the pictures—"

"No, 'e's quite a little un."

SO THEY SET TO, leaving Don and the old man as before on guard duty. They wiped and clanged and polished and squeaked for a good half-hour, they cleaned all Mrs. Gold's back windows and still that man on the bed never stirred.

"Snoring from 'ere to Christmas."

"I got 'is lordship turned round once," Pincher said, "with a straight left on them sashes. Now 'e's off nice and easy on his other side."

"Cleaned all these ruddy windows 'arry-free. What next?"

What next indeed? And a kind of terrier complex seized the Partners, they were

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thwarted and they had cleaned Mrs. Gold's windows free and this put their blood up and they wanted to get their teeth into something. All sense of caution went to the winds, they got two ladders now up against that bedroom window and began banging on it and shouting for all they were worth. Nob got his pail up with him and used it like a bongo, Pincher echoed his Navy days with a fearsome Rise and Shine, even Old George came round the back and stamped about in savage little circles screaming, Wikey-Wikey.

Hot blood had taken over from catlike-tread: and now high spirits soared up above hot blood. Most men like to lollop back to childhood, and now, like large hairy upper-formers at play, the Partners began having a rare old giggle—and then Pincher took out his leather and gave it a crack that would have laid a Cherokee dead in his tracks and in fact sent a hundred starlings bolt upright into the heavens. And that man did at last wake up.

HE WOKE UP slowly, not at first seeing Pincher at the window but rolling his eyeballs uncertainly round the room. (You could hear 'em clanking, Pincher said.) Then a look of pain crossed his face, and he put a hand to his brow and made, of all things, an ugly face like crying (big bloody baby, Pincher thought).

But at last he saw the figure pressing in on him from outside the window, a spread-eagled shadow like a large and horrible bird —for Pincher had gone quite silent, no more banging, struck stony alert by whatever was going to happen next—and the man jumped bolt upright and off the bed, stretching his eyes against the light to make certain, and ran from the room: and ran back in again, moving double-quick as in a silent film, patted the bed straight, and was off again.

Pincher got his wits back, shouted: "Watch out, 'ere 'e comes!" and scuttled down the ladder quick.

He was round the corner of the house into the side entrance just in time to see the man come flying out, and Big Don perform an operation which would have done credit to a spy-film. Flattening himself against the wall he swung the short ladder across the passage just as the man got there, stopped him dead, and in the same moment reached up with his left hand to the bucket on the cistern pipe and slammed it down open-ended over the man's head.

The man stood bucketed and blinded, staggering surprised.

Don leapt behind and pinioned him by the arms, and then they were all gaping round, while strangely distant and resonant from the bucket came cultured tones:

"What the bloody hell is all this?"

For a second they were put off. The old man found a "sir" jumping up into his mouth, but young Nobby chipped in quick with a high-pitched drawl:

"End wart the bloody hell is yew up tew, matey?"

A pause. The man wore a neat pinstripe suit. Headless, the suit stood out more clearly, like a suit in a shop window.

"I'm Mr. Gold."

"And I'm the three flippin' bears."

The hollow tones insisted:

"But I *am* Mr. Gold and this is my house—"

"Then why was you 'opping off round the back?" Pincher lammed in.

"Well—it *was* my house . . . look here, what *is* all this? Take this filthy thing off my head."

"What's all this, eh? Breaking and entering, that's what it is."

"Nonsense. I just left my keys—"

"We'll see what the Law says about that."

"Oh—God—" and there was sudden despair in the man's voice, the despair of somebody faced not only by a group of maddened window-cleaners but probably hours in a police station arguing, and who knows what else? The bucket took a deep breath, sighed, and spoke reasonably:

"Look—it'll save a lot of time if I explain."

"Anything you say will be taken down in evidence."

"My wife left me three months ago."

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"Mrs. Gold only went away a week ago."

"No, I mean, I left Mrs. Gold three months ago—"

"Got a bird, 'ave you?"

"You don't see, she left me, so it was only decent for me to leave her."

"My poor head's goin' round something crool," Don growled.

The bucket seemed to give a sob:

"Can't you see I'm upset?"

"Not through that ruddy bucket, no," Nob said, but his voice was not so sure, nobody likes tears, even worse in a man, from pity perhaps but also from pure fear of tears, knowing you won't get anywhere, anything can happen, a fit, the lot, no more sense.

"I had to be a gentleman, didn't I, and leave her to the comfort of the house? Not that I didn't want to get clear of the place, where we made our home before she. . . ."

Again a wet sound from the bucket. But it sobered the Partners. Don dropped the man's arms. These arms hung helplessly to his sides, no longer trying to remove the bucket, even suggesting he kept the bucket on to hide his shame. Then the bucket turned a bit back to Don, and began to whisper fast, spilling itself of all that filled it.

"She got mixed up with this other man. She fell in love with this man and I wasn't anywhere. Rachel . . . God damn it, I had to get away. *I* left. *I* left them to it."

"Shh, Mr. Gold."

"I didn't want to see the place ever again. Not her, nor the house where we'd lived together so happy, I always thought—

"Now, now, Mr. Gold, Sir."

". . . it's been a long time. . . . I couldn't bear it, I heard she was away and so I thought I'd come back, I'd come just for an afternoon. I'd lie down again on our bed, and—you know, try and pretend. I did, and it all came back, the pillow smell. I chased the little smells all over the pillow, it smelled so sweet of her, and God I don't know but I was so thankful I must have dropped slap away off . . . I haven't been sleeping nights, no sleep . . . and that—thinking of Rachel, and how she used to be and how we were, I must have dropped off. . . ."

He stopped talking. Spread his arms. The bucket came forward a bit; he must have been hanging his head.

"Oh, damn you all!" he said.

What could they do? They didn't know where to look. And nobody liked to lift the bucket and face what was underneath.

At last Pincher told them: "Get along off round the van. Get the ladders aboard, and blow double quick."

He stood there and said to the bucket: "We was only doing what we thought right, Mr. Gold."

The bucket-head said nothing.

"Like protecting your property, Mr. Gold."

They had got the ladders and were in the van. Pincher suddenly leaned forward and lifted the bucket off, but as he did it he turned his face away and never looked back once as he went.

"Sorry, Mr. Gold, sir."

And that was that. They revved up and rounded the corner busy as a motor-bike. But inside they sat dead quiet, playtime over.

"Poor sod," Pincher said at last.

"Blimey, wish *my* old missus'd 'op it."

But there was no fun in the old man's voice, and nobody laughed.

"Don't need go down the pictures, do you?" young Nob said quietly. "With this lark you seen the lot."

But they had not.

BY THE TIME they were rounding the next corner, Mr. Gold had recovered himself, found love stronger than fear, and had nipped back down the passage to the window and up into the bedroom again to dress himself in his wife's clothes and walk to and fro in front of the pink-clouded glass, making satisfactory taffeta noises.

He sounded, he felt like her: he was in some way inside her, and inside a secret part of himself too. As a boy, he had once or twice dressed himself up in his mother's clothes, all alone in the house, and found a kind of relief doing this: it was less wanting to be a woman than proving that he could be one if

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he wanted to be. It was in line with a wish to do anything beyond the limit decreed, even like a wish to fly.

But as he swayed round the room, finding a lipstick, powder, eye-shadow, and combing his hair into a fizz—at this particular time his surface thoughts were of personal misery and loss. Mr. Gold was unhappy, and his pleasure was to rub this unhappiness in.

Comedy, like laughter, knows when to stop. But tragedy prolongs itself. People in tragic circumstances like to fondle, taste, prolong the agony, as if they are terrified they may afterwards forget. Mr. Gold's ache felt really like something scratching his inside—wonderfully getting at his forbidden inside, like cigarette smoke scratching at the lungs.

And tragedy breeds. What would Don, Pincher, Nob, and old George do that evenin? Not, at least for three of them, what they ordinarily did. For young Nob it bred a lesson of caution, for two others a need for violent action. Pincher threw aside his cares and bought British wine, later went round to the manager of Badajoz Court who had tipped him sixpence the day before, and returned the sixpence with advice to buy himself an ice-lolly: thereby losing one good contract for Reliance Cleaners & Partners.

Young Nob on the other hand felt all the cares of the world and sat for a time boring the blonded head of his girl Sandra so that she went off in a huff and got picked up by a jolly Indian. (This latter returned her a week later with the whispered confidence, man to man, that the egg was broken, now the omelette could be made. "Thanks," Nob said, "thanks very much," not liking to strike a coloured man.)

Big Don made trouble with his wife; pulled a small shelf off the wall, hit her with it, apologised, and spent the rest of the evening mournfully painting the bedroom fire-surround a cheery gamboge.

Only old George remained unaffected. As tragedy is slowly milked by time, so time had milked old George. He had seen too much, done too much, he was proof. After his tea, leaving the missus up against the telly, he went out and spent the evening with two long, slow pints of mild beer, returned, retired, gently kicked his lifelong love over to her proper side, hoped his fibrositis and bowels would improve the next day, and sank deep off until he should find out.

IT WAS SOMETIME about then, in the middle of the night, that Mrs. Gold came back and found Gold fast asleep creased up on the bed in her best cocktail dress, the oyster and raspberry, and gave him a long piece of her mind. They were both so used to this that, quite forgetting the new situation, they went to bed, to love, and off to sleep together.

But such things do not end so cosily. In the morning she was off again, a little more stuff packed in a fibreglass suitcase, to her new man, who was Gold's best friend—and how much higher can a woman fly than that?

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Michael Polanyi

On the Modern Mind

A FEW YEARS AGO I gave a talk on the modern mind to the Medical Section of the British Psychological Society, by which my audience seemed to be disappointed, and my chairman said so. They had hoped for something more substantial, he said, "something to get one's teeth into." From his point of view he was right. For I spoke of the modern mind as a body of ideas having their origin in thought, while in his profession he was used to regarding ideas as the rationalisation of drives, of guilt feeling, or anxiety, or aggression, or insecurity. Such a view is widespread. Here too it may be felt that I am not dealing with the tangible forces determining the mind. When I go on ignoring infantile traumas, broken homes, industrialisation, many may feel lost in a world of shadows.

In a way I should welcome such opposition, as it would help to establish my first point which is that the modern mind distrusts intangible things and looks behind them for tangible matters on which it relies for understanding the world. We are a tough-minded generation.

My second point makes a curious pair with the first. For it is that in spite of our tough theories, our society is more humane than any that had existed before. And if our terrible wars and revolutions are cited against this, I would reply in the words of Paul Tillich: "If ever in history there was a time when human objectives supported by an infinite amount of good-will heaped disaster upon disaster on mankind, it is the twentieth century." I would say that the ideals, the genuineness of which our scepticism has taught us to question, have in fact swayed our time and by their power have almost shattered our civilisation.

I would go further and add that, if our scepticism itself goes to extremes, it does so in a pursuit of a moral purpose, namely of a relentless intellectual honesty. The two conflicting ideas of our age—its scepticism and its moral passions—are indeed locked in a curious struggle in which they may combine and reinforce each other. This is a strange story.

THE BEGINNINGS of modern scepticism go back to ancient Greece, but its present overpowering strength is the sequel of the Copernican Revolution. Copernicus ousted man from his central position in the universe and destroyed the theological cosmos. The heavenly sphere of divine perfection towards which, from his fallen sublunar existence, man was bound to strive, was dissolved in a space without limits, without shape or centre.

And monotony in space was extended into monotony in depth, by the atomic theory of matter. Galileo's mechanics, amplified by Newton, gave new life to the theory that all things are ultimately composed of masses in motion. Atomic particles alone were real and all phenomena were merely appearances of this ultimate reality. Man himself was but a chance collocation of atoms, without purpose or meaning.

Yet the new fellow-feeling, the other master-idea of modern man standing opposite to scepticism, was borne indirectly from scepticism. For it was the attack of scepticism on the Christian churches that released the moral ideals of Christianity from a striving for individual salvation and directed our moral conscience instead to the betterment of human society. The imagination of the new rationalism was soon to be aflame with aspirations for a higher condition of man and society.

Throughout all previous ages men had accepted existing custom and law as the founda-

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tions of society. There had been changes and some great reforms, but never before had the deliberate contriving of unlimited social improvement been elevated to a dominant principle. The first government to adopt this principle was that established by the French Revolution; and so the turn of the eighteenth century became the dividing line between the immemorial expanse of virtually static societies and the following brief period in which a passionate hope for a better future became a dominant force in public life.

SCIENTIFIC SCEPTICISM smoothly co-operated at first with the new passions for social betterment. Battling for freedom of thought against established authority, scepticism cleared the way for political freedom and humanitarian reforms. Scientific rationalism brought social and moral progress that has improved almost every human relationship in western civilisation. The new rationalism has been, up to our own days, the chief guide towards intellectual, moral, and social advances.

But troubles developed and became serious in our own century. The demand that all things must be explained by the laws of physics and chemistry became more insistent and more disturbing. A sharpening of scepticism to the point of questioning the very existence of intangible things led to absurd conclusions.

I shall try here to restore our acceptance of higher forms of being and to show how we *can* know and *do* know these less tangible levels of existence. I will then try to bring into view the second master idea of our age and show how this idea of unlimited progress, intensified to perfectionism, has combined with our sharpened scepticism to produce the perilous state of the modern mind. I shall speak of the disasters of our age and finally tell of signs pointing towards a recovery of the grounds for our basic ideals.

THE MECHANICAL PHILOSOPHY of Galileo was more fully stated by Laplace when defining a Universal Knowledge of the World. He pointed out that from to-day's topography of the ultimate particles of the world (which would include their velocities and the forces acting between them) we could calculate any future topography of the same particles, and he claimed that this would give us a knowledge of all things to come, to the very end of time. It has been objected that such predictions contradict the exercise of free will, but this had only the effect of calling in question our possession of free will. Indeed, to bring up this particular difficulty of free will is to overlook the more massive fact, that a Laplacean atomic topography would tell us virtually nothing that is of interest to us. It would give us the total energy of any particular region in the universe, but we could not even make out whether things in that region had any definite temperature, and if so what that temperature was.

To fathom the depth of such ignorance parading as Universal Knowledge, imagine yourself deprived of all your previous experience and presented in its place with a Laplacean topography of the universe. Though you were endowed with an unlimited ability for mechanical computations, you would search in vain to calculate something worth knowing. For what you would want to know are things seen and felt, things heard and smelt, and the laws of mechanics cannot derive such knowledge from a topography of atomic particles. Alone the action of our sentient self, responding to the atoms impinging upon our senses, can supply such information.

But even granting, for the sake of argument, our powers of sentience and forgetting also that an atomic topography cannot define temperature, we could still get no further than to derive the laws of physics and chemistry, and this would not enable us to recognise living and sentient beings. In saying this, I contradict the claims of biologists who affirm that they are explaining life in terms of physics and chemistry. But the fact is that they do nothing of the kind. The purpose which biology actually pursues, and by which it achieves its triumphs, consists in explaining the functions of living beings in terms of a mechanism *founded on* the laws of physics and chemistry, yet *not explicable by* these laws.

We can make this clear by showing that no mechanism, not even the simplest machine, can be explained in terms of physics and chemistry. Let me choose as an example of a machine the watch I wear on my wrist. My watch tells the time. It is kept going by the main-spring, uncoiling under the control of the hair spring and balance wheel, and thus it turns the hands which tell the time. Such are the operational principles of a watch, the principles which define its construction and working. It is these principles that cannot be defined by the laws of inanimate nature. For no part of a watch is formed by the natural equilibration of matter. Each is artificially shaped and connected to perform its function. Physics and chemistry cannot reveal

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the practical principles embodied in a machine, any more than the physical chemical testing of a printed page can tell the content of its text.

But how can we embody any structural or operational principle in a piece of inanimate matter, without interfering with the laws of inanimate matter? To answer this question, we must realise that no inanimate object is ever fully determined by the laws of physics and chemistry. Laplace himself had to assume for his speculations on future atomic topographies an initial atomic topography which was not derived from atomic mechanics. *The laws of physics and chemistry can likewise be applied only to a given set of initial conditions.*

This is, in fact, true of any general principle that applies to experience. It must leave indeterminate a certain range of circumstances in which it can apply, and any particular application of such a principle requires that these circumstances be fixed by some agency not under the control of that principle. This is well known for the laws of physics. The conditions which have to be fixed by some external agency are called here the *boundary conditions* of the system to which these laws are applied. It is on these boundary conditions that the shaping of a piece of metal into a machine takes effect. *Machines are systems, in which the boundary conditions left open by physics and chemistry are controlled by certain structural and operational principles*; and hence machines cannot be described in terms of physics and chemistry.

And what is true of machines is, of course, equally true of the machine-like functions of living beings. Such functions are determined by structural and operational principles which control the boundary conditions left open by physics and chemistry. Living conditions can, therefore, not be described in terms of physics and chemistry.

Thus the material of a machine is under the control of these two independent principles. The role of these two is very different. If the laws of physics and chemistry were suspended for a moment, all machines would stop working; their operational principles rely for their performance on these laws. This of course does not hold in reverse. Pulverise a machine and its fragments will continue to obey the laws of physics and chemistry. The wrecking of the operational structure does not affect these laws, for they apply to the material of the machine *in itself* even when split into isolated bits of matter.

A machine or a machine-like functioning living being can be said therefore to comprise two levels. There is an upper, comprehensive level embodying the operational principles of the system and a lower more primitive level, controlled by the laws of physics and chemistry. The lower level is formed as it were by the unorganised mass, the higher level by the principle that controls its organisation. In other words, we have a lower level of isolated parts and a higher level of the functional whole formed by the parts. This higher level represents then the joint "meaning" of the parts.

We see here the beginnings of a hierarchy in which the distinction between things essentially higher and essentially lower is restored.[1]

We can generalise the two-level structure of living beings and machines to the playing of a game of chess. The conduct of such a game is an entity controlled by a stratagem and the stratagem relies on the observance of the rules of chess. This relation does not hold in reverse, for the rules of chess leave open an infinite range of stratagems. Moves of chess are therefore meaningless by themselves and their meaning lies in serving jointly the performance of a stratagem.

All these relations become clearer in the case of a skill which comprises a number of levels in the form of a hierarchy. The production of a literary composition, for example of a speech, includes five levels. The first level, lowest of all, is the production of a voice; the second, the utterance of words; the third, the joining of words to make sentences; the fourth, the working of sentences into a style; the fifth, and highest, the composition of the text.

The principles of each level operate under the control of the next higher level. The voice you produce is shaped into words by a vocabulary; a given vocabulary is shaped into sentences in accordance with a grammar; and the sentences are fitted into a style, which in its turn is made to convey the ideas of the composition. Thus each level is subject to dual control; first, by the laws that apply to its elements in themselves, and second, by the laws that control the comprehensive entity formed by them.

Such multiple control is made possible again by the fact that the principles governing the isolated

[1] The argument of this section was first developed in this form in "Tacit Knowing: Its Bearing on Some Problems of Philosophy," *Reviews of Modern Physics* (Vol. 34, 1962, pp. 601–615).

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particulars of a lower level leave indeterminate their boundary conditions, to be controlled by a higher principle. Voice production leaves largely open the combination of sounds into words, which is controlled by a vocabulary. Next, a vocabulary leaves largely open the combination of words to form sentences, which is controlled by grammar; and so the sequence goes on. Consequently, the operations of a higher level cannot be accounted for by the laws governing its particulars forming the next lower level. You cannot derive a vocabulary from phonetics; you cannot derive grammar from a vocabulary; a correct use of grammar does not account for good style; and a good style does not supply the content of a piece of prose.

A GLANCE AT the functions of living beings assures us that they consist in a whole sequence of levels forming such a hierarchy. The lowest level is controlled by the laws of inanimate nature and the higher levels control throughout the boundary conditions left open by the laws of the inanimate. The lowest functions of life are those called vegetative; these vegetative functions, sustaining life at its lowest level, leave open—both in plants and animals—the higher functions of growth and leave open in animals also the operations of muscular action; next in turn, the principles governing muscular action in animals leave open the integration of such action to innate patterns of behaviour; and again such patterns are open in their turn to be shaped by intelligence; while the working of intelligence itself can be made to serve in man the still higher principles of a responsible choice.

We have thus a sequence of rising levels, each higher one controlling the boundaries of the one below it and embodying thereby the joint meaning of the particulars situated on the lower level. The meaning of each successive rising level thus becomes richer at each stage and reaches the fullest measure of meaning at the top. We can see then why the "Universal Knowledge" of Laplace, or a physico-chemical topography of the world, is virtually meaningless. *All meaning lies in higher levels of reality that are not reducible to the laws by which the ultimate particulars of the universe are controlled.*

The world view of Galileo, accepted since the Copernican Revolution, proves fundamentally misleading. *What is most tangible has the least meaning and it is perverse then to identify the tangible with the real.* For to regard a meaningless substratum as the ultimate reality of all things must lead to the conclusion that all things are meaningless. And we can avoid this conclusion only if we acknowledge instead that deepest reality is possessed by higher things that are least tangible.

THIS MIGHT seem to take us back to the medieval conception which interpreted the particulars of the world in the light of its major comprehensive meaning which understood the parts as manifestations of the whole and not the other way round. But this would be going too fast. It is not enough to show that there is room for living functions and other higher principles in the boundaries left open by the laws governing inanimate nature. For we cannot claim the existence of essentially higher levels so long as our very identification of them is called in question by a positivistic empiricism. To this objection I must now turn.

There is no precise theory of positivistic empiricism, but its present practice is clear in some important cases. It denies that we can know more than tangible, external facts. Take the consciousness of a human being. Consciousness, we are told, is not a tangible fact and we must hesitate therefore to attribute consciousness to any living being, animal or man.

It would seem impossible that neuro-physiologists, let alone psychologists, should deny the existence of consciousness which is a major part of their subject matter. Can one study perception without referring to what people see? Or the localisation of emotional centres in the brain, without referring to what the subjects feel? Yet a distinguished neuro-physiologist like O. Hebb has urged scientists to assume that consciousness does not exist, even though such a hypothesis might eventually prove false. Nor is this an isolated instance. The psychiatrist, L. S. Kubie, speaking on the same scientific occasion,[2] declared that a "working concept" of consciousness was indispensable to psychology, and went on to say:

> sometimes we are explicit and frank about this. Sometimes we fool ourselves about it. Many workers have attempted to avoid using the word because of its traditional connotations, which have had a somewhat mystical, imponderable, non-scientific, philosophic and/or theological flavour. . . .

[2] I am referring here to the contributions made by O. Hebb and L. S. Kubie to the Symposium on *Brain Mechanism and Consciousness* held in Quebec in August 1953 (see the report edited by J. F. Delafrayne, Blackwell, Oxford, 1954).

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Kubie's words show what is happening here. Scientists who urge us to assume that consciousness does not exist do not believe this themselves. It would be absurd to suppose that Hebb wants neuro-physiologists to assume that all their subjects are unconscious. He merely wants them to describe their findings as if consciousness did not exist.

This is the programme of behaviourism. It sets out, for example, to eliminate all references to the human mind, by substituting for the mind the sound of human speech when telling about a state of mind. Such an enquiry refuses to observe that a man is in pain and it can acknowledge only that he complains of pain. The fact that this view wipes out the purpose of medicine—as the alleviator of human suffering—is disregarded. Behaviourism could describe medicine only as a process for eliminating complaints of pain, even though complaints can be more effectively silenced without medicine. The very conception of compassion is denied and torture is theoretically given free rein.

None of this is intended, or even remotely approved, by behaviourists who call in question the existence of consciousness. It is clear, therefore, that they do not mean what they say when urging us to doubt or disregard, or at least avoid mentioning, the existence of consciousness. They seem to take pride, as scientists, in professing something that laymen would find absurd. They feel themselves then as successors to the Copernicans who forced laymen to see our earth, the very ground of fixity, hurtling around an immobile sun.

SUCH FOOLING OF OURSELVES is widely admitted in biology. Everyone knows that you cannot inquire into the functions of living organisms without referring to the purpose served by them, and by the organs and processes which perform these functions. Yet we must pretend that all such teleological explanations are merely provisional. The story goes round among biologists that teleology is a woman of easy virtue, whom the biologist disowns in public, but lives with in private.

The practice of science can be sound, even when it is conducted in the name of false principles. For biologists to deny their use of teleological reasoning is quite harmless. It is even possible that some valuable research *must* be based on absurd assumptions. Think of the recent exploration of various parts of the brain by electrodes of microscopic size, which showed the nervous system operating as a machine. This splendid enquiry would be hampered by keeping in mind the fact that the assumption of the whole nervous system operating as an insentient automaton is nonsensical. Neurologists may be right, therefore, in ignoring the absurdity of the idea underlying their work.

The situation reminds one of the theological map-makers of the Middle Ages. In the 6th century a great traveller and merchant, called Cosmas, turned monk and then launched an attack against Greco-Roman geography on the grounds that it contradicted the text of the Bible. He produced in its stead an image of the world in the shape of the Tabernacle of Moses. It looked like an old-fashioned trunk, with its lid as the heavenly firmament. Other absurd theological maps were current in the Middle Ages until the 15th century, even while sailors' maps of remarkable precision were used to travel the seas of Europe. Cosmas himself would not have relied for his travels to India on his tabernacle as the map of the world. But having turned monk, he found this image professionally illuminating.[3]

The official theories of psychology and biology also give professional satisfaction, even though nobody can believe in them. Yet I think it would be better to stick to the obvious truth, if this can be done with a good philosophic conscience, as I think it can.

WE ARE TOLD that the consciousness of another person is not directly observed, but merely inferred from external facts, and that a strict empiricism prefers to acknowledge only facts that are directly observed. But nothing is ever observed except by the aid of intelligent transactions which integrate a great number of impacts made on our several senses, along with the internal responses evoked by these impacts within our own body. What we see and hear depends in a thousand ways on the preparedness of our own mind and on our intelligent participation in making out what it is that we see and hear.

Suppose I look at my right hand. I recognise its area by its closed contours. But if that were all,

[3] See Lloyd A. Brown, *The Story of Maps* (London, 1951). "After tearing down the writings of Greek infidels such as Plato, Aristotle, Eudoxus, and Ptolemy, he [Cosmas] proceeds to construct his own cosmography based on the Scriptures and the writings of the Holy Father." The *portolano* or harbour-finding charts accurately described the coastline of the Mediterranean.

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my hand, when moved about, would keep changing its colour, its shape, and its size. The experience of my hand as a solid object, having definite properties, would never arise. I see it as such by integrating a host of rapidly changing clues both in the field of vision and inside my eyes and some still deeper in my body. By my powers of integration I see thousands of changing clues jointly, as one single unchanging object moving about at different distances, viewed from different angles, under variable illuminations. And this is exactly what happens when I observe a face full of anger and menace; I see it by exactly the same kind of integration. We cannot reasonably reject our observation of anger and menace on the ground that it requires an act of integration, unless we refuse to observe anything at all.

We can deepen this result by exploring the process of integration a little further. Suppose I look at an object, for example, my own finger, through a pinhole in a sheet of paper, or better still, through a blackened tube; if I do this and then move my finger back and forth I see it swelling as it approaches my eye. The moving object has lost some of its solidity, for it now lacks confirmation by the clues that normally contribute to its image from the periphery of the visual field.

Notice here how many of the clues we integrate so successfully to the sight of an object are not known to us in themselves. Many of them cannot be sensed at all; the contractions of our eye muscles, for example, can never be experienced as such and we are aware of them only in the way they make us see the object that we are looking at. Other clues, like those we cut out by a pin hole, we do sense, but only from the corner of our eye. We do not attend to these either, *but rely on our awareness of them for attending to the coherent entity to which they contribute.*

Modern philosophers have argued that we can have no evidence for inferring the existence of other minds, and this would be true if we had to rely on an explicit process of inference. But that is not the case. We integrate the particulars of a physiognomy in the same way as we integrate the clues, or parts, of any other perception, namely by fusing the clues or parts as presented to our senses into a meaningful way of perceiving them. We may call this a *tacit process* of inference by contrast to an explicit process of inference as defined by logic to-day.

CLEARLY, THE NEW ELEMENT I have introduced here into the conception of knowing is the way we know clues by relying on our awareness of them for attending to that to which they point or, more generally, the way we know things by relying on our awareness of them for attending to something else, which is the coherent entity to which they contribute. We may link this now with a certain experience we all have of things we know almost exclusively by relying on them for attending to something else. *Our own body is an assembly of such things.* For we hardly ever attend to our body as we attend to an external object, while we continually rely on it as a means for observing objects outside and for manipulating these objects for our own purposes. *We may identify, therefore, our knowing of something by attending to something else, with the kind of knowledge we have of our own body by dwelling in it.* In other words, we may say that when we rely on our awareness of some things for attending to other things, we have assimilated these things to our body. We may say, for example, that we know the clues of perception by dwelling in them, when we attend to that which they jointly indicate; and that we see the parts of a whole forming the whole by dwelling in the parts. We arrive thus at the conception of *knowing by in-dwelling.*

IN-DWELLING operates on all levels of reality. But when we know living things, our in-dwelling enters into an especially intimate relation to that which it knows. A lion pouncing on the back of an antelope co-ordinates its own observations and actions in a highly complex and accurate way. The naturalist watching the lion mentally integrates these co-ordinated elements into the conception of the lion hunting its prey. Other vital co-ordinations, like embryonic development, are much slower than this, but no less rich in co-ordinated details; the study of physiological functions fills many volumes and the co-ordinations performed by human intelligence are unlimited. But the perception of living beings consists throughout in mentally duplicating the active co-ordinations performed by their living functions.

We can see now how we know another man's mind and share his mental life. We understand, for example, a man's skilful performance by mentally combining its several movements to their joint pattern. Chess players enter a master's mind by rehearsing the games he has played. Knowing a man's mind is then to experience the joint meaning of his actions by dwelling in them from outside. This is how we

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get to feel another man's consciousness, to share his pain and pity him. Knowing life is always a sharing of life, but to know another person is to share his life as an equal partner. When we study inanimate matter or the lower organisms, we stand to these in an *I-It* relation, but as we gradually rise to the study of man we arrive at an *I-Thou* relation to him. We enter into mutual understanding with him.

Here, then, is a theory of knowledge which tells us how we can both know and experience the higher intangible levels of existence, which a positivistic empiricism refuses to recognise.

I SHALL NOW pass on to some large questions of our culture, by facing the challenge that a positivistic empiricism presents to the existence of moral principles. A textbook of sociology, published three years ago, opens with a formal statement of its principles in four points. The fourth of these principles declares that sociology is

> *unethical*; that is, sociologists do not ask whether particular social actions are good or bad; they seek merely to explain them.

Some sociologists would seek to qualify this principle, but very few effectively do so. It is predominantly accepted and cherished as securing the scientific character of sociology.

Let us face what is implied in this principle. To assume that you can explain an action without regarding whether it is good or bad is to assume that moral motives play no part in it. To extend this assumption to all social action is to deny the very existence of genuine moral motives in men. When I protest against such doctrines, I am assured that the sociologists who teach this moral nihilism are themselves men of high moral principles, supporting noble causes in public life. This is thought to put the matter right. It is considered quite in order that we should teach absurd views that we do not believe because we think that they are scientific.[4]

I admit that most students will uphold their moral convictions regardless of being taught that these are without foundation. They may even respond to the social perfectionism of our age, and make high moral demands on society. Some may never feel this internal contradiction, in others it may cause confusion, a reduction of respect for their own life. We can assess the possible consequences arising from this situation, by turning to the ideas of writers who have worked out these contradictions of the modern mind in literature and political thought. Literature and politics are the mythology of our age and the school of our imagination.

The tension between a positivist scepticism and a modern moral perfectionism has indeed erupted with vast consequences in our days. It erupted in two directions, towards art and philosophy and towards politics. The first was a move towards extreme individualism, the second, on the contrary, towards modern totalitarianism. These two movements may appear diametrically opposed; yet they are but two alternative solutions of the same equation which required *the joint satisfaction of a belief in moral perfection with a complete denial of moral motives.*

I SHALL start with the individualist solution of this equation. A man looking at the world

[4] The textbook of sociology quoted is Harry M. Johnson, *Sociology, A Systematic Introduction* (Harcourt, Brace and World Inc., New York, 1960, and Routledge & Kegan Paul, London, 1961). In the Foreword, Robert K. Merton writes: "With this book Mr. Johnson joins the small circle of... masters of sociological writing...."

Freedom from value-judgment is maintained throughout the book. Cruelty to Negroes in the latter half of the last century is explained by the use of the Negro as a scapegoat. Victimising the Negro deflects feelings of frustration from causing social disruption. "Thus the Negroes were victims of a heightened need of national unity in the face of external problems.... National unity and sectional unity were achieved partly at the expense of the Negro." (p. 602)

The social functions of scapegoating have been repeatedly analysed during the past decades, for example by C. Kluckhohn and D. Leighton (*The Navaho*, Harvard, 1946, pp. 176–7. "... Navahos 'take out' on witches by word and by deed the hostility which they feel against their relatives, against whites, against the hazards of life itself.... The killing of witches is characteristically brutal. ... Witches in other words are scapegoats." "... there is no doubt that witchcraft is Navaho culture's principal answer to the problem that every society faces, how to satisfy hate and yet keep the core of society solid.... The people blame their troubles upon 'witches' instead of upon 'Jews' or 'niggers'."

This theory leads Mr. Johnson to comment on the further development of the Negro's position in the United States as follows: "Technically, perhaps, the suffering of the Negro is no more dysfunctional than the loss of men in a victorious battle. Everything, including the integration of social systems, is achieved at a cost." Nevertheless, we are told, the necessity of using Negro talent and of placating African states has led to concessions to the Negro.

Would it not appear, then, that if Lincoln had but known of the social functions of "scapegoating," he might have introduced Negro-baiting in the North and thus united the nation at a much lesser cost than by a civil war?

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with complete scepticism can see no grounds for moral authority or transcendent moral obligations; there may seem to be no scope then for his moral perfectionism. Yet he can satisfy it by turning his scepticism against existing society, denouncing its morality as shoddy, artificial, hypocritical, and a mere mask for lust and exploitation. Though such combination of his moral scepticism with his moral indignation is inconsistent, the two are in fact fused together by their joint attack on the same target. The result is a moral hatred of existing society and the alienation of the modern intellectual.

The effect on his inner life goes deep. His scepticism-cum-perfectionism scorns any expression of his own traditional morality; it despises it as banal, second-hand, hypocritical. Divided against himself, he seeks an identity safe against self-doubt. Having condemned the distinction between good and evil as dishonest, he can still find pride in the honesty of such condemnation. Since ordinary decent behaviour can never be safe against the suspicion of sheer conformity or downright hypocrisy, only an absolutely a-moral, meaningless act can assure man of his complete authenticity. All the moral fervour which scientific scepticism has released from religious control and then rendered homeless by discrediting its ideals, returns then to imbue an a-moral authenticity with intense moral approval. This is how absolute self-assertion, fantasies of gratuitous crime and perversity, self-hatred and despair are aroused as defences against a nagging suspicion of one's own honesty.

This theme has prevailed in Continental thought since a century ago Dostoevsky first described murder as an experiment in moral scepticism and, soon after, Nietzsche repudiated all traditional conceptions of good and evil as hypocritical. About the same time Rimbaud launched a great poet's imagination into a world of disordered sensualism, and he was followed in the next generation by Gide who showed that perversion and gratuitous crime could be marks of moral authenticity. To-day we have a whole literature, much of it of high quality, in which absurdity and a sombre, fantastic obscenity are presented as tokens of unflinching honesty.

These are some individualistic solutions of the conflict between scepticism and perfectionism. They unite the two opposites in a moral nihilism charged with moral fury. This paradoxical combination is new in history and deserves a new name; I have called it a ***moral inversion***.

In public life moral inversion leads to totalitarianism. I shall speak only of Marxism-Leninism as the most important movement of this kind. The Marxist revolutionary scorns any appeals to generous sentiments and scorns also any appeal to the Utopian image of an ideal society. His scepticism forbids him to rely on such motives. But, though he cannot declare these high motives, they are his driving force and must be satisfied. Marxism resolves this contradiction by inventing a machine—the Marxist machine of history—which, working inside society, will bring about the destruction of capitalism and its replacement by socialism. The machine will achieve this without the aid of noble sentiments or images of social perfection. Such a mechanism, claiming to control all mental processes in society, is bound to appeal to a scientific outlook. When this mechanism offers also a safe disguise and embodiment for the Utopianism which motivates its makers, its appeal becomes irresistible.

The two contradictory elements of Marxism effectively protect its teachings against criticism by alternately taking over its defence. Its moral fervour denies a hearing to any intellectual objections, while any moral scruples are contemptuously rejected as unscientific.

This combination of conflicting principles explains how Marxists can accept historical inevitability as an incentive to work and fight for bringing about the events declared to be inevitable. For since the Marxist theory is merely a disguise for Utopian ideals, it tacitly enjoins us to fight for the fulfilment of its theoretical predictions.

The harshness of the political parties charged with this task is often criticised, or else excused, as the use of evil means in the service of a noble cause; but such reproach or excuse is misplaced. Marxism-Leninism denies being guided either by moral motives or Utopian visions and declares it follows only the directives of science. The question of weighing means against ends cannot arise then. If you claim to embody a mechanism, you must behave like a machine; your unscrupulousness will be sanctioned by the morality inside the machine. A morality embodied in a machine is necessarily blind to its own handiwork and deaf to the voices of reason: it has turned fanatical.

Truth itself then becomes embodied in the machine. Whatever makes the machine run faster is said to be true. A universe of public fantasies is erected in which even its authors have lost their bearings. The very victims of

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faked trials are persuaded that in some sense the fantastic accusations against them are true. To think otherwise would be to forsake the revolution, which is unthinkable.

I HAVE described the modern mind by the content of its ideas and have explained the emergence of the modern mind as the outcome of a process of thought which originated in the Copernican discovery and in the interplay of the ensuing intellectual revolution with the moral ideas of Christianity. This was how I explained the moral ideas of modern literature, as well as the political creeds and disasters of our age.

These great events were not due to the effects of economic circumstances nor to the early training of infants. The ideas of the Russian Revolution have spread to regions of the most varied economic structure and of equally varied customs of swaddling babies or of early toilet training. Any theory that would account for these revolutions of thought by economic or infantile traumas expresses the same errors concerning the nature of man and thought which caused these disastrous revolutions. It tends to perpetuate these errors.

A true diagnosis of our disorders should help to overcome them. My own interpretation of the modern world would do this by recognising thought as an independent, self-governing force.

I feel supported in this by the great movements recoiling from modern totalitarian ideologies. Stalinism is passing away and we look back on its rule with growing amazement. Russians are asking insistently how those terrible things could have happened. Concluding his memoirs in 1962, Ilya Ehrenburg speaks of "all the things that lie like a stone on the hearts of people of my generation." The whole world is involved in this: we cannot trust ourselves again unless we can understand how people, so steeped in our own modern scientific outlook, could produce such an insane tyranny and support it fanatically for years on end.

The answer to this question is coming out by stages, darkly. At the 20th Congress of the Russian Communist Party, held in February 1956, Khrushchev first denounced Stalin's misdeeds in a secret speech. A few months later Polish and Hungarian writers were openly demanding freedom of thought. These men were leading Communist intellectuals who were recoiling from the theory that morality, justice and art, and truth itself, were to be identified with the interest of the Party. Hungarian Communist writers solemnly repudiated the teaching that political expediency could be a criterion of the truth and "after bitter mental struggles" vowed "that in no circumstances would they ever write lies." A few weeks later, the Hungarian people, led by these intellectuals, overthrew the Stalinist régime established by Rakosi.

This revolution was fought to gain recognition for the reality of intangible things; of truth, of justice, of moral and artistic integrity. The Bolshevik attempt, undertaken for high purposes and in the light of a sophisticated theory, to establish an empire that denied this reality, had failed. It had proved unbearable. I believe that this passionate recognition of a metaphysical reality, irreducible to material elements, marks a turning point: it will serve as an axiom for any future political thought.

Writers in Poland and Hungary are trying now to find a place for the morally responsible individual within the Marxian conception of history. Early manuscripts of Marx, until recently unpublished, offer some substance for this. But the reviving of some Hegelian ideas in the thought of the young Marx will not take us far.

WE NEED A THEORY of knowledge which shows up the fallacy of a positivist scepticism and authorises our knowledge of entities governed by higher principles. Any higher principle can be known only by dwelling in the particulars governed by it. Any attempt to observe a higher level of existence by a scrutiny of its several particulars must fail. We shall remain blind in theory to all that truly matters in the world so long as we do not accept in-dwelling as a legitimate form of knowledge.

In-dwelling involves a tacit reliance on our awareness of particulars not under observation, many of them unspecifiable. We have to interiorise these and, in doing so, must change our mental existence. There is nothing definite to which we can hold fast in such an act. It is a free commitment.

But there is something imponderable for us to rely on. We have around us great truths embodied in works born of the very freedom which we are hesitating to enter. And recent history has taught that we can breathe only in the ambience of these truths and of this creative freedom. I, for one, am prepared to rely on this assurance for acquiring and upholding knowledge by embracing the world and dwelling in it.

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Peter Ustinov's

Brief Guide to Modern Music

Text & Illustrations: Ustinov

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Gennady Afanasievitch Solovchuk. Born 1912 at Kremeny Gorsk (Plekhanovgrad) nr. Poltava, son of an engine driver who taught his son the rudiments of music by whistling to him. Solovchuk joined the C.P. at the age of six in 1918, and quickly rose to the rank of Lt.-Colonel of Youth, fighting against the Hetman Petlyura's Children's Brigades and those of Makhno. He has the distinction of being the only Soviet composer with over 40 invaders to his credit as a sniper.

Works include: Symphonie No. 1 (*Death to the Fascist Beast*), No. 2 (*A Conversation with Zhdanov*), No. 3 (*To the Soviet Locomotive Industry*), all dated 1942, and all withdrawn after self-criticism. Of the first, the Soviet critic N. P. Zhelesnov said, "In its general lack of positive optimism, the Fascist Beast seems to have defeated Solovchuk in all but parts of the rondo eroica." Of the second, Zhdanov declared at the 19th Congress, "No conversation of mine ever sounded like that [LAUGHTER]...." Of the third Prof. Asafiev wrote, "It is to be doubted if this symphony, dedicated to our heroic locomotives, is itself able to run on rails." Solovchuk partly reinstated himself in 1943 with a bitter attack on Prokofiev. The Fourth Symphony (*From Miaskovsky's Datcha*) was, however, attacked for undue introspection in spite of its key of C major, and the Fifth (*On Ossetian Themes*) was attacked by Prof. Najeebulikov as being only "half-heartedly Ossetian in character." He came back into favour with a bitter attack on Glière. His 6th Symphony (*From the Field of Borodino*), 7th (*Go Back, Denikin*), and 8th (*Comrades, Boudienny is Galloping*) were attacked as being "frivolous, lacking in content and vapid" by Prof. Goldenweiser, and as being "formalistic, modernistic and portentous" by Prof. Lev Knipper. He was once more admitted to the Union of Soviet Composers after a violent attack on him by Khrennikov. His 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th and 14th symphonies were withdrawn before being written, but his 15th, scored for triple chorus and children's voices, with massed brass instruments, balalaikas, guslis, bandinas, bells and three 75mm. Howitzers (*Hands off our Soviet Land*) caused a certain stir by destroying the Concert Hall at the first performance owing to the faulty aiming of the artillery. His more recent symphonies (16th to 43rd) have not yet been heard outside the Soviet Union.

He has written many popular songs and choruses: *Waltz of the Sanitary Collective No. 912*; *Think Again, Hitler's Hyenas* (Waltz); *Pioneers of the Outer Mongolian People's Republic*; *There's a War to Win, Natasha* (Mazurka); *Go then, Without a Kiss* (Romance); *If You Love Me, Spit at the Bandits* (Romance); *It is Winter at the Front, but in my Heart the first Buds Awaken...* (Romance); *Vaniochka, Take Me with You in a Cartridge* (Romance); *Your Mother has No Time to Weep for You, She is Making a Tank* (Romance). Also several String Quartets on Daghestan themes and arrangements of Folk Songs from Novaya Zemlya.

At present, Chairman on the Council of Cultural Relations between Nepal and the U.S.S.R., and Professor of Harmony at Ust-Yug.

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Ovid Claypole Shuffell. Born 1898. American Composer, born Slagheap Co., Vermont. Studied with Bertha Breed Bussell at Portland, Maine, for Harmony, and with Agnes Stegenheimer Folley at Cape Cod, for piano, often having to travel many miles on foot through the snow for his lessons. Now permanent conductor of the New Hampshire Student Philharmonic and of the Great Lakes Opera Guild (Amateur).

Works: *Mormon Set*, for orchestra (1919); *Huckleberry Hornpipe and Finn Fugue* (1920); *Homage to Sousa for Brass* (1921); *Creed for strings* (1923); *Six Utterances for Massed Brass* (1924); *The Spirit of St. Louis Symphony* (1925); *Sure, I'm an American, Hymn for the Inauguration of a Girls' College* (1926); *... And lo, they shall be deathless, in that there be no Death: Choral Dirge to the Dead of the Civil War* (1927); *Opera in 3 acts: Rumpelstiltskin* (1928, Chicago Op.); *Sacred Melody for Strings: Oft hath thine woolly friendship, in silence expressed ... On the death of a favourite sheepdog* (1929); Symphonic suite, *Struwelpeter in old Vermont* (1930); Grand Romantic Opera *Sitting Bull* (1932, Metropolitan Opera, dedicated to Deems Taylor); *All-American symphony for symphonic band* (dedicated to Babe Ruth, 1934); *Three beats to a Hershey bar*, overture for student orchestra (1935); *Pennsylvania Dutch treat*, comedy suite (1936); *Variations on an old Norwegian Cradle Song*, dedicated to his Mother (1937); *F.D.R., a musical portrait* (1938); *America, the meaningful, the lovely*, anthem dedicated to Randall Thompson (1939); *Song of isolation for orchestra*, commissioned by Col. McCormick (1940); *Lest the night fall on us unthinking*, cantata to words by Maxwell Anderson, dedicated to the U.S. Marine Corps Veterans (1943); *Canteen concerto for harmonica and jazz ensemble* (1944); *Symphony No. 3*, dedicated to the heroes of the Red Army, (1945), (re-dedicated to the heroes of the Hungarian Revolution, 1956); *Ballet Suite: Credit Squeeze*, dedicated to John Alden Carpenter (1945); *Vinegar Joe*, Overture (1946); *I like Ike*, symphonic Rhapsody (1947); *Square dance for Louisville* (1948); *O yea, I testify, O Zion*, chorale for organ, harp and women's voices, dedicated to Marion Bauer (1950); *Totem tangles*, comedy overture on Sioux themes (1951); *What the wild wind told the albatross, suite for Vermonters* (1953); *Oratorio for pioneers: Come gather then the good soil in your gingham aprons, daughters of my loins*, dedicated to Howard Hanson (1955); *Joke concerto for four electric razors and orchestra*, dedicated to Groucho Marx (1956); *Space concerto for violin and orchestra*, commissioned by Heifetz, but played by the Concertmaster of the New Hampshire Student Philharmonic (1957); *Bunny Blues*, for the opening of the Playboy Key Club in Chicago (1958); *Till Eulenspiegel in Manhattan, homage to Richard Strauss in the American idiom* (1960); *Clambake chorale for women's voices on verses by Ogden Nash* (1961); *Prelude and Fudge for Hammond Organ, with gracious apologies to Mr. Johann S. Bach* (1962); *String quartet on the rhythms of Blackfoot smoke signals* (1963); *In memoriam: Charles Martin Loeffler; Thou, who uponst waters' calm Olympian, didst music mak'st* (1964).

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Gottfuercht Kranck. Born Klein-Schlössing-bei-Fernhalsenbach (Hessisch-Westphalen), the sixteenth child of a village butcher. His nine brothers and at least one of his sisters became butchers like their father, but young Gottfuercht, always a withdrawn and even mystical child, seemed to gravitate towards more abstract forms of self-expression. It was when he mastered trigonometry at the age of five and wrote a short nine-volume treatise on "Das Dämonische und Hölderlin's spätere jahre" early the next year, that his father was finally convinced that his son was unfit to follow in his footsteps. Primarily a mathematician, he took up music to illustrate his theories, taking lessons from Krebs in Kassel, Schimpf in Stettin and De Palloszváry in Szeged, and quickly teaching them. His major works include *Antiphonen und Prophonen* for nine organs (rarely performed because of the difficulty of assembling so many organs at one time in one place); also for organ, *Das Kleine Orgelbüchlein*, a work lasting just over a week, which has suffered somewhat the same fate as his other great work. He has often attempted to link all the arts in various ways: his *Paintings to be Heard* (*Hörmalerei*) created a stir in 1912, when an audience assembled to listen to painters scraping and brushing their canvases, while his *Music to be Felt* (*Gefühlsmusik*) made a scandal in 1920, since singers were exposed to tactile contact by the audience. The police closed the concert hall during the scherzo. It was when his brother was killed by an electric shock while mending a radio in the bath that he began to take an interest in electronic music. "The scream," he wrote in his slender 16-tome autobiography, "opened up new horizons to me, and therefore to the entire music world." Although he was much criticised at the time for not attempting to revive his brother, or even to call a doctor, Prof. Unterhauser has pointed out in his admirable *Das Melos und das Ewige Warum?* that history will congratulate him on taking the courageous course, the only course for a man without sentimental-bourgeois reactions, a time-servant of culture (*Kultur*). The controversy attained such proportions that he eventually left Germany, claiming that he was being persecuted, and thus became the first artistic refugee from the Nazis. He lived in the United States on a grant from the Hoover Corporation, and did much research into the value of the vacuum-cleaner as an orchestral instrument (*Eine Grosse Kammermusik für Staubsauger*, 1952). He is now in charge of the Electronic Workshop of Radio Free Düsseldorf, and was instrumental in standardising the three-pronged plug in Western Europe in spite of an attempted veto by the French composers, who wished a French-made two-pronged plug to be adopted by Western European musicians. The projected British four-pronged variety was rejected as "wasteful, safe and essentially tonal."

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Maurice Michelot. Born 1900 in Clochery-sur-Gleize (Orne et Misère). Son of the Hittitologist Ambroise Michelot, and the poetess Honorine de Fabre-Crépy, better known under her *nom-de-plume* of Robert Gaullois. His uncle, the painter Albéric de Fabre-Crépy, better known as Gonzague Lope de Aragon, was a frequent visitor at the house (his *Vieux Moulin à Clochery-sur-Gleize* fetched £7,500 at Sotheby's in 1949), and among other visitors were the sculptor Prosper L'hoeuf (*Maternité en Deuil*, Strasbourg) and the architect Le Chataigner, who believed that houses should be empty, while the surrounding pastures should be furnished (*Pour Une Esthetique Champêtre*, Paris, 1911). It was in this highly-charged artistic atmosphere that the young Maurice Michelot took refuge in music, helped materially by the fact that his parents hated children, and ignored him as much as possible. He studied the organ with Ermend-Bonnal, and conceived a violent dislike for the instrument, which was to colour his compositions. He studied theory with Gédalge, under whom he began to detest theory, later turning to the piano, which he studied with Alken, and wrote to his friend, the novelist Bruno Vitteloni, *"Le piano est vraiment infecte, mais, en fin de comptes, le clavecin est pire. Outre le silence, il n'y a pas de son tolérable dans ce monde...."*

He failed to win the Prix de Rome, which fact convinced him for the first time that he had talent. To his friend, the potter Van Kongshoevel, he wrote, *"...j'étais tellement convaincu de ma victoire, que je pensais déjà au suicide—pas à la mort, ce n'est pas mon genre—mais à l'abandon de la musique pour un emploi vraiment constructif et créateur, comme...la bourse."*

Best known among his works are: *Vents et Contrevents* for Solo Flute; *Apoplexies* for High Voice and Piano; the Ballet *Tournedos Rossini* on themes of Benjamin Britten; the Suite *Boules de Savon*, known in England as *Bubbles*; *Tanagreries* for Six Winds; the Cantata *Grossesses* for Eight Sopranos, published by Boosey and Hawkes under the English title of *Pregnancies*; Song Cycle *L'Abattoir des Pensées*; *Sans Paroles* for Chorus and Harp; *Trois Complaintes de Berger qui a perdu ses Moutons sous la Pluie*; *Sappho à Elle-Même dans le Miroir des Temps*; a String Quartet for three strings (one silent) lasting hard on two hours; *Mufleries* for Seven Trombones; and music to many films including *Assez de Fric pour le Mec*, *Les Mots ne chantent pas du Bel Canto*, etc., etc.

He once wrote, *"Il n'y a pas une seule œuvre d'art au monde que ne soit pas trop lourde. La légéreté, c'est moi...."*

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Pantaleimon Apollonovitch Dristovsky. Born 1847 (old style) in Trifunovka, Goubernyna of Tula, son of a minor district assessor of impoverished noble stock and one of several serf women. Studied mineralogy with Krumpff, until a reverse in the fortunes of this impoverished family compelled him to accept a post as senior deputy assistant mail sorter in the Ministry of Posts and Communications. Here he met Natalia Lvovna von Eisengeist, with whom platonic relations were to continue for the rest of their lives.

In 1884, he wrote his *Soupir Melancolique* for violin and orchestra, orchestrated by Conus, with the violin part rewritten by Auer. Catoire hailed it as the finest composition since Joachim Raff's *Symphonie Vaudoise*. In 1888 Dristovsky quarrelled with Taneiev, and composed a triple fugue on a Pecheneg Theme for brass instruments, orchestrated by Rimsky-Korsakov. In 1894 he met Vera Galaktionova von Blechkugel, with whom platonic relations were to continue for the rest of their lives. In 1897, Dristovsky wrote his piano suite *Easter Eggs*, arranged for the piano by Cui. In 1899, he quarrelled with Kalinnikov. In 1904 he sketched his symphony (*The Volhynian*). In 1905, he took part in manifestations against the end of hostilities with Japan. In 1908, he wrote his *Souvenirs Sentimentales* for piano, rewritten by Rebikov, and quarrelled with Liadov. In 1910, he sketched his symphony No. 2 (*Homage to Aivazovsky*). In 1912, he quarrelled with Liapunov. 1913, quarrel with Tcherepnin. In 1915, he re-sketched his 1st symphony (*Volhynian*).

In 1917, he took part in manifestations against Sturmer, for Rodzianko, against Tseterelli, for Rasputin. In 1918, he joined the Bolsheviks. In 1922, he was one of the few to enjoy platonic relations with Alexandra Kollontaï. In 1925, he sketched his symphony No. 3 (*Glory to the Bezbojniki*). In 1927, he outlined his symphony No. 4 (*In Honour of Grain Production*). In 1928, he quarrelled with Steinberg and Knipper. In 1934 he wrote an article attacking Gretchaninov, rewritten by Vsevolod Ivanov. In 1938 he quarrelled with Revutzky, and sketched his opera: *Plekhanov in Montreux*. In 1941 he took part in manifestations against the Germans. In 1942, he was captured by the Germans in Kiev, and took part in manifestations against the Russians. In 1944, in Bad Nauheim, he sketched his grand patriotic opera: *The Betrayal of Denikin*.

In 1945 he was liberated by the Americans and settled in Fort Worth on a Koussevitzky Foundation grant. In 1947, he quarrelled with Louis Gruenberg. In 1948, he quarrelled with Vernon Duke. In 1949, he sketched his symphony No. 5 (*From the Alleghenies*), later finished and orchestrated by Morton Gould with tunes by Robert Russell Bennett and Elie Siegmeister. In 1955, he quarrelled with Lopatnikoff. In 1959, he had an apoplectic fit while listening to Nabokov's *The Holy Devil* at Louisville, and passed away noisily in the cloak-room, the phone-book on his knees, open at the letter "N." His untimely demise spared the world of music one of its choicest quarrels.

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Tristram Oade. Born 1915, Lokeham-Tenens, nr. Gr. Lokeham. The son of a parson whose passion was music and a musician whose passion was religion. He grew up quietly in the parsonage, a shy, retiring lad, only thrashed very infrequently when he had done something really unforgivable, such as remembering the Ten Commandments in the wrong order. He recalls his early miseries with enormous affection, believing that it was undoubtedly those early floggings at the hand of his beloved mother which instilled in him his extraordinary sense of rhythm. He was introduced to Elgar, Stanford and Parry over his mother's knee. An inveterate slave to adenoids, owing to the damp climate of Lokeham-Tenens, he made the oboe his instrument, and has vastly enriched its repertoire. Since he was almost consistently confined to bed with a bad cold from his fifth to his fifteenth year, he had a lot of time for music, beginning with his delightful *Diversions on a Theme of Sterndale-Bennett for Winds*; his early song-cycles, *Left, Right, Left*, to words by Auden; *Wayle we and quiete* to epitaphs found on tombstones at Lokeham-Tenens; and *Will ye no gae awa', and leave a lass alane* to words attributed to Lady Nairn; and his first adventure in the field of opera, *Piers Gaveston*, which attracted the attention of Philip Hope-Wallace. His pellucid musical language was rapidly deepening, and was already tinged by an indefinable Englishness, an "aimless and damp spirituality, as enigmatic and as inspiring as a curate's smile," in the words of the Rumanian critic Ganymed Todolescu (*Musical Temporanea Anglosaxonescu,* Bucarest, 1935). Soon he joined Cyril Scott and Percy Grainger as the only English composers to be widely known, even if rarely played, on the continent of Europe. One or two German critics pointed out that Mr. Grainger was Australian, but for the purposes of geo-musicology, he belongs to the *"Englische Musikalische Sprachgebiet"* (English Musical Language Zone). Oade wrote various large-scale works in great profusion, including his Symphony *A Microcosm of London, after Thomas Rowlandson*, for the Festival of Britain; his Opera *Burke and Hare* for the Edinburgh Festival; his Opera *Breughel's Apprentice* for the Holland Festival; his Opera *Venus in Furs* (dedicated to his mother) for the Salzburg Festival; his Cantata *Give unto Caesar* for the 500th anniversary of the National Provincial Bank; his Opera *The Tempest,* ingenious in that Viola is sung by a counter-bass and Prospero by three boys; and an impressive array of choral works, such as the Coronation Ode *Uneasy Lies the Head*. Oade lives in an upturned lifeboat at Dirge Magna, which is now separated from the sea by six miles of unhealthy marshland. Here, accompanied only by a harpsichord, he can be seen at rare moments, ankle deep in stagnant water, a rare, elusive, magnetic personality, as English as the smouldering sky and driving rain he loves.

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J. L. Talmon

Who is a Jew?

Letter from Israel

SOME TIME ago a most unusual *cause célèbre* before the Supreme Court of Israel created a considerable stir among both Jews and Christians.

The litigant was a Carmelite monk of Polish-Jewish origin. Brother Daniel was born and bred a Jew, and had a heroic record of rescuing Jews from massacre, while serving in the disguise of a *Volksdeutscher* as a Gestapo interpreter. Fleeing for his life one day, in danger of being detected, Ruffeisen (as his real name is) found refuge in a Carmelite monastery. There, after some time, he embraced the Catholic faith and took the vows of a Carmelite monk. At the end of the war, he went to Rome and at his insistent request was eventually given leave by his superiors to join the Carmelite monastery on Mount Carmel in Israel.

Brother Daniel sued the Israeli Home Secretary, who incidentally happens to be the leader of one of the religious parties, for refusing to grant him Israeli citizenship in accordance with the fundamental law of the ingathering of exiles—a piece of legislation probably unique in history—which grants to any Jew, who chooses Israel as his home, citizenship upon his arrival. The Minister was quite prepared to offer Brother Daniel naturalisation as to any non-Jewish resident who meets the necessary requirements, but not automatic citizenship, since by conversion to Christianity Ruffeisen had—in the Minister's view—ceased to be a Jew. The monk refused the concession, insisting that he was a Jew and a convinced Zionist, and therefore entitled to be treated as such.

By a majority of three to two, the Court upheld the Minister's ruling. Of the latter two, one judge gave a firmly dissenting opinion, while the other took up a somewhat intermediary position.

The majority decision of the Supreme Court paid tribute to the personal qualities and fine record of Brother Daniel, and acknowledged the enormous difference between a Church presided over by Pope John XXIII and medieval papacy in its darker hours. The Court nevertheless refused to recognise Brother Daniel as a Jew. It did that not on religious grounds, for paradoxically from the strictly doctrinal point of view a case could be made out that, in spite of his conversion to Catholicism, the monk was still a Jew, but for national-historical reasons.

By taking the formal step of dissociating himself from what has for centuries formed the essence and represented the universally recognised identity of Judaism, the monk had contracted out of the Jewish nation. His subjective sentiments, however deep and sincere, cannot alter that objective fact, for Judaism was a historic totality which must be taken for granted, and cannot be re-defined by every individual on every new occasion.

The dissenting judge voiced the opinion that a Jew is simply a person who feels and defines himself as such. This on the one hand individualistic and on the other secular-nationalist view, may be regarded as a strong reaction to that inexorable racialist determinism which in the days of Hitler left to a person of Jewish ancestry, whatever his religious or other affiliations, literally no avenue of escape.

The fifth judge stated that personally he would be prepared to recognise Brother Daniel's claim to be a Jew, but in doing that he would find himself at variance with prevailing convictions. The business of the Court was, how-

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ever, to give voice to the sense of justice obtaining at large, and not to be ahead of public opinion. What the judge seems to have wished to convey in this was that as yet religious identity was the essential prerequisite for all claiming to belong to the Judaic entity, but in due course Israeli realities were bound to evolve a new focus or new foci of Jewish self-identification. It may then become possible for a Jew to choose his religion as freely as he chooses his philosophical system, and still be a Jew.

THE CASE OF BROTHER DANIEL brings into relief a tremendous paradox. Here we have a group which for millennia was held to be and was often forced to be the most stubbornly clannish and exclusive of entities, and yet at the end of some 3,500 years it is still impossible to define who does and who does not belong to it. Indeed, a few years before Brother Daniel went to Court a coalition government in Israel collapsed on this very issue. The then Prime Minister, Mr. Ben-Gurion, turned in despair to leading religious and lay thinkers in world Jewry for their views, but the answers only deepened confusion.

A NEW *cause célèbre* has recently blown up in Israel to bedevil the situation still further. As if to add special symbolism, the trouble came to a head in the city of Nazareth, of all places.

Mrs. Rina Eitani was a very active and dynamic member of the local municipality council, representing *Mapai*, the governing right-wing Labour party. In spite of the fact that there is a nation-wide coalition alliance in Israel between *Mapai* and the Religious-National party based (as we shall see) on a give-and-take arrangement and on an "equitable" division of spoils, the relations between the representatives of the two parties on the local Nazareth level were rather strained; and Mrs. Eitani made herself unpopular with the other party by opposing a special subsidy to a religious kindergarten. Mrs. Eitani is an immigrant from Germany. She had suffered under the Nazis, had braved the British ban on immigration to Israel in the early post-war period, and arrived in Israel by smuggling herself across frontiers and illegally entering into the Jewish National Home. She then served with distinction in the Israeli army, and in all her later activities displayed intense Israel-Jewish patriotism. When tempers in Nazareth became frayed, a rumour spread that Mrs. Eitani was born of a non-Jewish mother, had never become converted to the Jewish religion, and therefore was not really a Jewess.

The Orthodox activists got busy. The local Home Office official in charge of birth and death registration, who as a matter of course (the result of the spoils system) is a member of the Religious-National Party, was anxious to have documentary evidence. He therefore despatched an enquiry to the German Record Office about the racial origins of Mrs. Eitani's mother, and he received the information for which he was panting. He immediately requested Mrs. Eitani to return her passport—because she had obtained her Israeli citizenship under false pretences (automatically, as a Jewess, on the basis of the law of ingathering of exiles), whereas she was not, after all, a Jewess at all. Furthermore, her Jewish marriage was also invalid. Since there is no civil marriage in Israel, she was bound to live in sin—unless she went through a formal ceremony of conversion —which again the rabbis were most reluctant to perform, claiming that the conversion would not be prompted by genuine conviction.

No one could have invented a more embarrassing and a more intractable affair. The very idea of an Israeli-Jewish official taking advantage of Nazi records on "Aryan" and "non-Aryan" ancestors evoked feelings of deepest revulsion. It then became known that the "Aryan mother," far from abandoning her non-Aryan husband in the hour of danger, had shielded him from the worst that could have befallen him, and had identified herself with his and her children's Jewish loyalties. As in the case of Brother Daniel there was something here which the Jewish past had never or hardly ever known: a person with a doubtful claim to being called a Jew, and with another (and, in wordly terms, better) alternative before him, opting consciously and voluntarily for Judaism. If the non-Jewish blood of the mother was an insuperable barrier, surely here was a case of biological racialism overriding spiritual content and freedom of choice. And the panacea of religious conversion, even if granted by the rabbis, smacked too much of coercive pressure.

The country is now torn by controversy and no solution is as yet in sight.

IT WOULD BE DIFFICULT to imagine a more complex, more insoluble and indeed more poignant problem than the question of religion and State in present-day Israel. Although seemingly affecting only Jews, or still more precisely

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Israeli Jews, the issues involved touch upon some of those basic dilemmas which go to make up the human condition. Ancient exclusive loyalties rooted in the deepest, one may almost say desperate, convictions, are pitted against overwhelming forces of change and sweeping innovation. A battle is fought between the urge for free individual self-expression, and the "grantedness" of a concrete, most sharply contoured historic totality. What are the legitimate limits which the heritage of all the ages may set upon the sovereign right of the generation here and now to fashion its life?

The Paradox

THE JEWS—who are they and what are they? It is doubtful whether a question so formulated allows for a single, unambiguous answer. It was one thing to be a Jew in the centuries of faith, another in a secular environment in the West. It is not the same thing in a pluralist society as it was in countries of warring racial groups in Central and in Eastern Europe. And it certainly is quite a different matter to be a Jew in the State of Israel. Surely there must be a rabbinical view on that? Yes and no. The rabbinical doctrine wavers between (and rather tries to combine) two criteria, the religious and the racial (or national). Anyone who professes the Law of Moses, was born into the Jewish faith or adopted it, is a Jew.

But a Jew by race who has lost his Jewish faith and jettisoned all religious practice does not cease to be a Jew, for anyone with a Jewish mother by creed or race is a Jew. A person born of a Jewish father, but with a non-Jewish mother, is not acknowledged as a Jew, for you can never be sure about paternity. Some wits delighted in pointing out that the grandson of Mr. Ben-Gurion was thus strictly speaking a *goy*, since Ben-Gurion, jun., married an English gentile girl, whereas Mr. Khrushchev's grandson was a Jew, since the Soviet leader's late son had married a Jewess. Even a baptised Jew could in certain contingencies still be considered a Jew, for instance in family matters, but he could claim no religious rights as a Jew. This may perhaps appear to be a case of heads-I-win, tails-you-lose.

The position could be best formulated by saying that a Jew is a person of the Jewish race or religion, who has not formally embraced a non-Jewish religion, no matter whether he observes his own or does not. Blood (the Jewish mother) or adoption of the Jewish faith, which in the circumstances has always been tantamount to a decision to share a common fate, are decisive for being counted a Jew; creed or rather change of faith for being counted out, since till the spread of Nazi racialism adoption of a non-Jewish religion had been an act of abjuring the common fate: the contingency of what was originally a tribal religion and then became a community of fate.

For an example of such a state of affairs we would have to look to the Greeks in the Ottoman Empire. Greek race and Greek Orthodox religion were absolutely inseparable in face of the Moslem Turk. No Greek would be considered a Greek after his conversion to Islam. In the case of both Jew and Greek, their situation of beleaguered cities made apostasy to the dominant religion-nation appear an act of highest treachery and base selfishness. And it would be difficult to determine what was more potent in this, the deep sense of exclusive superiority or the desperate fear of extinction.

THE CASES OF Brother Daniel and Mrs. Rina Eitani are only two of the numerous instances which keep driving home to the Jews in Israel and elsewhere the fact that in their new independent State the most ancient of religions and the most ancient of peoples are faced by an unprecedented Church and State problem, and one of a peculiar kind.

The Law of Moses is claimed by the Orthodox to be not merely a guide to individual salvation, but to embody the constitution of a polity. Just as religion and nationhood were inseparable in Judaism, in the same way the religious code and State legislation could not but form one totality. Although the conscious appeal of the Orthodox is to the biblical and Talmudic past, the concrete continuity invoked by them refers really to the sectarian existence of the Jewish communities in self-imposed or enforced isolation on the margin of society for the last 2,000 years of diaspora history. They are simply unable to conceive that in ancient days pre-exilic Jewry was a nation, comprising godly and ungodly people—and that there had been heterodox and even secular trends in Judaism, but their voices had been suppressed by the priestly scribes and compilers. When a Talmudic scholar recently discovered that in the second century there were Hebrews who gambled on horses, worshipped Aphrodite, prayed to Greek gods, coveted other men's wives, dodged bill collectors, and concocted ways to "become in-

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visible," he expressed himself "shocked and terrified that there existed a kind of Jew like this—one who deals in charms and horses, and kills...." Apart from the question of the relevance or applicability of Pentateuch laws, Talmudic decisions and ghetto practices in a modern state, there is of course the question of enforcing them upon the recalcitrant.

However fervent their protestations of principle, few of the Orthodox go so far as to envisage the enthronement of the whole Torah and nothing but the Torah upon all spheres of life and upon all and sundry in Israel. The few unyielding fundamentalists have solved the problem by refusing to recognise the State of Israel altogether and settling down as a little hermetically closed, sullen Kingdom of God, in the midst of a pagan state. They know they cannot impose their convictions on the State. Nor will they bow to its writ. The Zionist State is altogether the fruit of sinful pride to them. Instead of waiting for the promised Messiah and the miraculous intervention of God, self-willed infidels rose to bring about something which God alone could do, and had promised to do.

The breathtaking, not to say comic, paradox in the attitude of the *Neturei Karta* was revealed to me when I was visiting that quaint slum quarter. I got into a conversation with an eight-year-old girl who would not or could not speak a word of Hebrew, only Yiddish. When I asked her why she spoke no Hebrew, her reply came like a shot: "I do not want to be a *goya*!"

THERE ARE VARIOUS SHADES of opinion among the more moderate elements of Orthodoxy. The common denominator is the claim that although individual consciences may not be forced there is the paramount duty and necessity to preserve a Jewish public visage of the State of Israel. This is insisted upon not so much on religious as on national historic grounds. Some confusedly deny that personal faith in the nature of individual assent is required for the imposition of religious observances on the public, since laws and regulations are enforced by the State without every person being expected to believe in them. Others, oblivious of the Protestant and rationalist heritage, maintain that the Law of Moses, like the medieval established Church, has absolute objective validity, independent of personal conviction. Still, restrictions on public traffic on the Sabbath day become binding only if passed in the form of law by the Knesset, in other words, as State enactments. The State of Israel is explicitly and formally based upon the sovereignty of the people (and not upon the Law of Moses and his successors). There is no written Constitution, because the legislators very much feared a controversy on this very subject.

The same person who will, however unenthusiastically, observe even an irksome State regulation for reasons of expediency, will revolt against it, if it is motivated by religious reasons unacceptable to him. More generally the non-believers are, as hinted before, asked by the Orthodox to comply as a form of national duty. A Jewish state is unimaginable without embodying historic patterns of immemorial antiquity which have preserved the identity of the Jewish people and constituted its distinct historic personality. The non-believers are being urged not only to avoid giving scandal and entreated to spare the deep susceptibilities of believers, they are above all implored not to split the nation. Civil marriage and divorce laws, for instance, would do precisely that, since the religious would not be able to inter-marry with the offspring of civil marriages, or rather with the offspring of persons divorced by civil divorce and remarried, who in the eyes of the Law are bastards, with whom no Jew can be joined in wedlock.

But the most telling argument, by which even determined secularists among the nationalists cannot help being shaken, is the one pointing to the Jews in the Diaspora. In the teeming Eastern European ghettos, with their rich, varied and compact Jewish civilisation, it was possible for a Jew to be an atheist and yet to be at the same time an ardent Jewish nationalist in language, culture, political and social interests. In surviving atomised Jewry in the West, the only focus of Jewish self-identification is the synagogue. Any lowering of barriers by way of secularisation of life in Israel would remove those checks and inhibitions which keep Westernised Jews from intermarriage and total assimilation. On the morrow of the most murderous persecution the survivors are haunted by the fear that Judaism may melt away under the benevolent sun of tolerance and equal opportunity. Hitler is thus, indirectly, the author of that intractable religious-national situation, which may become quite impossible if—as is so ardently desired by Zionists—Soviet Russia lifts the ban on immigration of her Jews to Israel. The Jewish State would then be flooded by tens of thousands of Jews whose marriages and

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births have no legitimacy in the eyes of the rabbinic law. Whether the rabbis will devise some religious solution (and it is at present difficult to see what they can do in the matter), or whether the sheer numbers will force a secular solution, no one can predict.

Where is one, once more, to draw a line between the rights of the whole and the imprescriptible freedoms of the individual in this grave dispute? The underlying differences of principle are probably unbridgeable. Is Judaism something given and granted, a Law and a tradition, and are Jews men and women who obey that Law and carry on that tradition? Or is Judaism the sum total of the lives, activities, aspirations and ideas of men and women of Jewish stock in the past, in the present, and in the future? To be a Catholic or a Moslem is to conform to the former pattern. A Frenchman or Dane are presumably what they are by simply being.

The Problem of Authority

THE JEWS are and are not unique in that fusion of religion and nationhood. In a certain sense all societies in the Middle Ages were in the first place confraternities of servants of the Lord. It would not be far-fetched to consider the process of secularisation to which all peoples have been subjected, as a gradual transformation of religious communities into nations. Nationalism is in the first place an aspiration to full untrammelled expression of all the potentialities immanent in the ethnic group. The fear of sin restricts the interests and activities of the pure to the exclusion of all that threatens single-minded service of God.

The process of secularisation in Europe has lasted for centuries and is not yet complete. Jewry and the ancient civilisations of Asia and Africa have suddenly and violently been swept into the battle between ritualistic traditions and the solvent forces of rationalism and technology. Although rooted in religion and history and actuated by the dream of restored ancient glories. Zionism was all the same a movement for secular national liberation, indeed very much a movement for the substitution of a national existence for a sectarian way of life. Some of its earlier prophets voiced distinctly Nietzschean accents engaging in an almost pagan glorification of life and resolutely condemning the ethics of the humble and weak. They would no longer bend their heads as they had done in all their history, but raise them high.

National self-assertion is of course bound to result in a quest for and then an apotheosis of distinct historic symbols and myths, including those of the national religion, as we can observe at present even in Africa. (Mention need only be made of the libation to the gods with which President Nkrumah of Ghana was greeted by Ghanaian students of London University, when he alighted from the plane which brought him last summer to the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference—something unimaginable only a few years ago!) But although some ardent Zionists were led that way to a return to religious practice, most of the Zionist prophets and theoreticians, brought up in the liberal atmosphere of the 19th century, gave very little heed to the place of religion in their future state, apart from conventional insistence on religious freedom and inattentive assurance of respect for ancient traditions. The Orthodox wing of the Zionist movement had little influence on the general movement, for it feared nationalism and had deep pious qualms about forcing the hand of God.

With the emergence of the State of Israel the Jews began to realise to their dismay the intractable nature of the problem.

FOR 2,000 YEARS the Jews had been a sect based upon voluntary adherence. The rabbis had no powers of coercion, except those occasionally granted to them by the non-Jewish State for fiscal or other reasons. Only those in the last analysis obeyed the rabbinical writ who so wanted. There were of course ecclesiastical sanctions, but a Jew who was prepared to brave them had already to all intents and purposes left the fold.

The most famous instance is, of course, that of Benedict Spinoza. There is also a story about a German Socialist leader of Jewish extraction being entertained soon after his escape from Germany in 1933 by a group of Fabians. One of the hosts commiserated with the refugee and his situation as a Jew. "I am sorry," said the guest, "but I am not a Jew." When his interlocutor asked his pardon for the error, the guest replied that, well, from the racial point of view he was indeed a Jew, because both his parents had been Jews. But he himself had as early as 1924 sent in his letter of resignation to the Jewish community authorities in Berlin. "Oh, I see," remarked the gentile, "you mean to say,

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Doctor, that the Jews are a club? ..." Indeed, throughout their diaspora history the Jews represented a kind of club.

Where all are unanimous in belonging to the club, there is no problem of coercion and freedom. In present-day Israel we have believers and non-believers, but the rabbis enjoy powers of coercion over all given to them by the State. This, of course, is aggravated by the fact that the Jewish religion lays so much emphasis upon external rites and practices, being really a way of life designed to erect, for reasons of self-preservation, a high fence between the faithful and the world around them.

A sectarian group, concerned mainly or even solely with its own survival and the preservation of an exclusive tradition, unwilling or forbidden to accept commitments outside its narrow sphere for fear of contamination and disintegration, found itself overnight faced with all the wide-flung challenges, tasks and responsibilities of a modern industrial and technological state. The religious leaders were totally unequipped to cope with these new realities and had to resort to all kinds of makeshifts and stratagems of an ingenuity which is at once exceedingly clever and at the same time childishly naïve. Instead of being apologetically on the defensive, the Orthodox are paradoxically growing more and more militant (and the numbers seem to be increasing). The reasons for this are twofold. There is a desperate quest for national identity among the younger generation of Israel, after the establishment of the State, and against the world-wide setting of declining ideologies and general disillusionment. And the memories of the holocaust continue to haunt.

There are, on the other hand, powerful institutional factors encouraging Orthodox militancy. As is well known, a Jewish rabbi has no charismatic powers such as are attached to Apostolic succession and the power of sacraments. He is merely a learned man employed in a certain job. Judaism has no doctrine or even tradition of a centralised ecclesiastical organisation, because for one thing the Jews are a people of priests. There has been no Supreme ecclesiastical authority in Jewry since the Sanhedrin has ceased to exist. No official function, but the authority of superior learning and piety gives the ultimate sanction. It has thus happened very often that the law was laid down by a saintly learned layman in a God-forsaken townlet in Lithuania who held no rabbinical office, but whose decisions no chief rabbi of a great country would presume to question. The chief rabbinate is altogether an institution unknown to Jewish law, and in those countries where it exists, it came into being as a matter of administrative convenience. Not sovereign power, but moral authority was obeyed in Judaism. And various people (and communities) would bow to different authorities. In Israel to-day the rabbinate is rapidly developing into a firmly institutionalised and centralised Church imposing an exacting discipline on its members and facing the general body of laymen as a distinct power. This is not a religious development, but ironically enough the outcome of the emergence of the State. The latter has given birth and legitimacy to an established Church. A peculiar political constellation has in no small measure contributed to this development. Israel has proportional representation, and no party can muster a majority in the Knesset. One of the more outspoken leaders of the governing party, *Mapai*, is quoted to the effect that the Orthodox parties were "cheaper" coalition partners than the other factions. They have no particular views on economic or social problems, or special foreign policies. They will accept any line on these matters so long as their religious demands are met.

Rabbis & Ministers

IT MAY be doubted whether such a state of affairs is calculated to help true religion or is likely to raise moral standards. The Orthodox parties are naturally led to measure their success by the extent of encroachments upon the lives of the secular population, sincerely believing to be labouring for the glory of God. There is no other record with which they can face their followers.

On the other hand, the lay parties do not stop to remember that they are making political bargains involving matters of conscience and fundamental principles. And since the battle is being waged on the level of the imposition of external forms and not on winning souls, it becomes a matter of make-believe, of going through the motions, not to say hypocrisy, without regard to inner conviction. This does not mean of course that the convictions of the truly observant lack depth and force. There are signs of an incipient Church and State struggle on the medieval model.

The other day the luxury transocean liner

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Shalom was launched by the Israeli Government in conjunction with private companies. It was originally planned to have two kitchens on the ship, one adapted to the Jewish dietary laws (all official institutions, the army, Knesset and almost all hotels keep only a *kosher* kitchen), and another kitchen for those, and of course among them non-Jewish passengers, who wish to have cream with their coffee after their meat meal. The chief rabbinate immediately vetoed the plan. This was not just a formal statement of condemnation. The chief rabbi refused to give his authorisation to the *kosher* kitchen, and without such an imprimatur the faithful would not eat from it. The rabbinate in the first place expressed horror at the very idea of a Jewish ship providing food that was not *kosher*. On this they would not listen to utilitarian arguments such as needs and wishes of gentile passengers, or to democratic vindications of freedom of choice as a basic principle. But the rabbis went further, and in this they really conjured up shadows of medieval papacy. They would not grant authorisation to the *kosher* kitchen, since no trust could be placed in people who were prepared to run a non-*kosher* kitchen that they would be scrupulous in observing the dietary laws in the *kosher* kitchen. And indeed hotels have been refused the rabbinic imprimatur unless they undertook not only to maintain a strictly *kosher* kitchen but pledged themselves to prevent smoking, dancing, music, and similar things on the Sabbath day or mixed bathing in the swimming pool on ordinary days. From this there is only one step to a certificate of general moral conduct. The rabbis may be right in taking the view that the imprimatur is not a strictly mechanical or technical matter. But in that case they would be setting themselves up as judges and rulers of the State, claiming the right and power to pronounce a person worthy or unworthy, and thus free or forbidden to engage in certain economic or other activities impinging on religious life. If stretched far enough there is, after all, nothing that is not involved. It would, however, be rather incongruous to exact inner assent when granting permits, but deny its relevance when imposing restrictions.

Centralisation in the State leads to centralisation in the established Church, but the inescapable result of such a parallelism is a clash of temporal and spiritual powers. This was recently manifested again in a matter of far-reaching economic significance. For centuries ritual slaughter of animals was a powerful lever in the hands of the Jewish communal organisation in general, and the rabbinate in particular. It made possible a form of control upon all believers and helped to give reality to, and to finance the institutions of Jewish self-government. In the midst of an inimical population and in face of restrictive laws the Jewish religious and lay authorities gradually evolved a considerable amount of internal legislation designed to combat unfair practices and harmful competition, and to protect the poor and the needy, and also to prevent the Jewish name and security from being put in jeopardy by irresponsible or offensive behaviour of Jews towards non-Jews. Control of ritual slaughter, involving the power to suspend it, to regulate prices and employment in the industry as well as to organise the supply of meat, was one of the most effective means of putting teeth into the regulations of Jewish self-governing institutions. Law and custom combined to accord to these powers and practices the character of a traditional religious prerogative vested in the rabbis.

But what was a natural and to a large extent a desirable mechanism of self-defence or instrument of self-government in the situation of a persecuted isolated group in the midst of a hostile world, becomes monopolistic privilege in a Jewish state, a derogation of State power, a means of establishing and perpetuating restrictive practices, and from the point of view of dissidents, a coercive measure of social-economic significance (because of the higher price of meat of ritual slaughter).

A violent clash occurred recently between State and Rabbinate. The latter invoked and tried to apply its traditional powers in regard to a newly-opened co-operative abbatoir in the southern part of the country. The ground was its duty to forestall any possible contingency that might threaten the principle of *kashrut* in all its purity or endanger the livelihood of the religious employees of the industry in other parts of the country, although no objection at all could be raised against the arrangements obtaining in the new establishment and its marketing practices, at the present moment. For a while it seemed that a headlong medieval-style collision between the two powers was inevitable. The meat co-operative in question brought its case before the Supreme Court asking for an *order nisi*. Rabbinical spokesmen declared that they would neither appear to plead

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nor accept the Court's ruling. At the last moment a compromise was patched up.

THERE ARE DIFFERENT RITES in Judaism, in the first place those of the Western reformed or conservative (but not Orthodox) synagogues, and then diverse rites are observed by certain Oriental Jewish communities, not to speak of course of agnostics. But this fact is brushed aside by the rabbis and the spokesmen of the Orthodox parties with the argument that "watered-down Judaism" has proved to be a road to apostasy, and that any concessions from the most rigid standards to non-observant people or religious dissidents would lead to adulteration of ritual purity and true believers would be made unwittingly to commit sin.

History—or Reason?

ISRAEL is caught in a vicious circle. Where so much stress is put on external ritual, a religious struggle is bound to degenerate into a tug-of-war for power, and power naturally seeks to assert itself in an institutional manner. Where arms clash, the whisper of humble faith or the silent meditation of contemplative reverence cannot be perceived, and when passions are aroused, the most uncompromising on the opposite sides come to the fore.

Israel is faced in this way with a "two cultures" problem all of its own. The Orthodox are growing more and more self-centred, sensing everywhere dangerous solvents and thin-ends-of-wedges—whereas the secular are developing a distaste for the peculiarities of the Jewish tradition, and a rootless and often shallow hankering for cosmopolitan values and modes. Indeed the cleavage is becoming very apparent in the different styles of expression of the protagonists. The observant cling to ancient idiom, quaint rabbinic forms of speech and antiquated metaphor with theological references and overtones. The Hebrew of the secular is often a wholly unidiomatic verbatim translation of ideas and terms from foreign languages. Secular nationalists accuse the Orthodox of using religion as an opium for nationalism. To this the latter reply that the very distinction between religion and nationhood, implicit in the secular argument, in itself represents a mode of thought wholly alien to Jewish tradition, indeed a form of apostasy. The religious claim that without faith in Divine promise and the idea of a divinely chosen people, the Jewish claim to Israel would lack foundation, and the Jews would appear as invading imperialists. In their turn the secular have raised archaeology to the dignity of a national religion. The Orthodox again and again go back to the argument that neither Jewish martyrdom nor the survival of the Jewish people against all the odds can be explained otherwise than by direct and special providence. To this a secular thinker is wont to reply with an amusing anecdote. When the cause of the Allies in the last war was at its lowest ebb, the Polish leader General Sikorski came to a famous Hassidic rabbi and enquired of him how in his good wisdom the war could be won. "There are two ways of winning this war," the holy man reflected. "What are they?" asked the General, and sat up most anxiously. "One is to win it by a miracle. The other to win it in a natural way." "What would be the natural way?" the General asked. "To win it by a miracle," replied the rabbi. "And what, then, would be the miracle?" wondered the General. "To win it in a natural way," said the rabbi.

WHY NOT CUT the Gordian knot by a separation of Church and State? Although the demand is being voiced, the prospects for such a solution seem at the moment very remote. Whether out of exasperation at being badgered by his secular colleagues, or because he knew he would be forcing them to the wall, an Orthodox member of the Cabinet formally proposed this solution at a recent Cabinet meeting. The secular Ministers were quite dumbfounded and could hardly hide their alarm. For indeed when you come down from abstract formulae to concrete arrangements, it is difficult to see in what way, apart from the introduction of civil marriage and divorce, matters would change from what they are to-day. Jewish religion is so intertwined with Jewish lore, and religious tradition is so deeply and all-pervasively embedded in Jewish history and national myth, that out of fear lest the younger generation brought up in secular homes become totally de-nationalised, a secular Minister of Education some years ago introduced into the school curriculum obligatory teaching of what is called "Jewish Consciousness." It, in fact, amounts to lessons about Jewish religious beliefs, rites, practices, and liturgy, in addition to the teaching of the Bible and Talmud. It also appears inconceivable that a Jewish state would declare its "neutrality" towards Jewish religious holidays, dietary laws, the Sabbath rest day, etc., if only for reasons of expediency—and in order to spare believers very

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grave hardships and even terrible conflicts of conscience.

The Jewish religion may paradoxically be facing its supreme test precisely in the Jewish state, and the problem of Jewish identity may prove even more intractable in the Jewish National Home than in the countries of dispersion. The idea of the sanctification of life in its totality through a refusal to admit any distinction between theory and practice, social ethics and individual morality, religion and politics, has a different meaning in a voluntary sect without powers of coercion from that in a state with an established religion.

It is one of the ironies that the Jews have everywhere in modern times advocated if not separation of Church and State, at least the rights of private conscience, and called for the secularisation of politics and political life, if for no other reason than the difficulty of enjoying full rights in the type of Christian state defended by old-fashioned conservatives. The danger inherent in this incongruity has alerted American Jews. Thriving upon and deeply committed to the principle of separation of Church and State, and like the American society at large very diversified from the religious and other points of view, the members of the largest and most powerful Jewish community of all time are bound to feel very apprehensive at the sight of a society, in whose fortunes they feel so intensely involved, seeming to revert to forms which they thought happily discarded forever.

In this respect the Orthodox in Israel may be achieving the very opposite of what they were so anxious to secure. Instead of erecting a dam to the forces of assimilation, they may be estranging and discouraging those whom they wished to save. Similarly the struggle to make the Torah rule supreme may prove the surest way to unchain a real *Kulturkampf*, a thing which Mr. Ben-Gurion is quoted as saying he feared more than the Arabs, the U.S.S.R. or China, and more than an economic collapse.

ANOTHER DANGER is looming in the distance. The insistent emphasis upon the identity of religion and nationhood, involving the coercive imposition of patterns of life and behaviour, may prove too grave a strain on very many Jews, especially in the West, who are imbued with liberal notions about religion as being a matter between God and the individual, the human kind and eternity, excluding the intermediary entity of tribe and nation, and rejecting any idea of a chosen people as an expression of tribal arrogance.

It is too early to tell how this clash between the logic of history and the logic of reason is going to be resolved.

Awakening from Dreams

Flung inside out
From the crammed mouth
Whose meal I am
Ground, devoured
I find myself now
Benignly empowered

Samuel Menashe

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W. H. Auden

Since

On a mid-December day,
Frying sausages
For myself, I abruptly
Felt under fingers
Thirty years younger the rim
Of a steering wheel,
On my cheek the parching wind
Of an August noon,
As passenger beside me
You as then you were.

Slap across a veg-growing
Alluvial plain
We raced in clouds of white dust,
And geese ran screaming
As we missed them by inches,
Making a bee-line
For mountains gradually
Enlarging eastward,
Joyfully certain nightfall
Would occasion joy.

It did. In a flagged kitchen
We were served broiled trout
And a rank cheese. For a while
We talked by the fire,
Then, carrying candles, climbed
Steep stairs. Love was made
Then and there: so halcyoned,
Soon we fell asleep
To the sound of a river
Swabbling through a gorge.

Since then other enchantments
Have blazed and faded,
Enemies changed their address,
And War made ugly
An uncountable number
Of unknown neighbours
Precious as us to themselves,
But round your image
There is no fog, and the earth
Can still astonish.

Of what, then, should I complain,
Pottering about
A neat suburban kitchen?
Solitude? Rubbish.
It's social enough with real
Faces and landscapes,
For whose open countenance
I at least can learn
To live with obesity
And a little fame.

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The Psycho-analysts

The Future of an Illusion? — By ALASDAIR MACINTYRE

THE MORE that is written about psycho-analysis the more puzzled one can become. On the one hand there are the ever new but all too familiar expositions of the system. Dr. J. A. C. Brown's[1] and Dr. Reuben Fine's[2] are among the most recent to hand. Excellent as expositions, the time has come when defensive exposition is not enough. Taken as we are again and again on the same conducted tour of Freud's views, the intellectual boredom is intensified. Yet there is a whole series of books which excite and illuminate, and could not have been written but for Freud. I do not mean by this simply to assert the truism that there are dull authors and that there are exciting authors. The contrasts between psycho-analysts are far more extreme than that. It is rather that what is at first sight the same Freudian methodology appears capable both of crippling the intellect and of liberating it. How so?

Psycho-analysts, like priests, suffer from an initial disadvantage: they have to take care to keep separate the situations in which they must assume the pose of authority from those in which they themselves must accept the authority of rational argument. The pulpit is no place to debate the existence of God and the couch is for free association, not for theoretical objections. And yet—unless the theoretical objections can be answered, the clinical authority of the analyst is faked. It was Karl Kraus who remarked that psycho-analysis is in fact the disease for which it purports to be the cure. One gets a hint that, as so often with Kraus, what looks like an easy witticism will bear closer scrutiny from the curious tone which infects the answers that some psycho-analysts make to their critics. There is an important difference between their attitude and that of Freud who wrote:

> Looking back, then, over the patchwork of my life's labours, I can say that I have made many beginnings and thrown out many suggestions. Something will come of them in the future, though I cannot myself tell whether it will be much or little....

This underlying caution was always there to temper Freud's flights of speculative enthusiasm. Unfortunately it appears to be mainly the speculative enthusiasm which his heirs have inherited —at least on the occasions when they respond to criticism.

IN ORDER TO EVALUATE this response, we must first understand the critics, and in order to understand them we must set out the features of psycho-analytic theory which invite criticism. We can illuminate the logical structure of psycho-analytic theory by remembering that Freud's contentions were made at three different levels. First of all, Freud drew our attention to hitherto unnoticed types of episodes. He re-classified and redescribed our behaviour. He made us aware of what needed to be explained. Secondly, he suggested a correlation between adult episodes and traits and the passions and actions of the world of early childhood. Thirdly, he produced a theory to explain that correlation; or rather he produced a range of theoretical notions, of which the earlier account of the distribution and transformations of libido and the later trinity of id, super-ego, and ego are the most important. It is often difficult in exposition to keep the distinction between these three levels clear, partly because kindred notions rear at all three and more especially when this is so because the explanatory theory helps to provide a vocabulary for the description of the very facts which the theory is designed to explain. One example of this is the way in which the notion of unconscious motivation is often used *both* descriptively to bring out features of goal-directed behaviour in which the agent himself remains unaware of his goals and resists (again without recognising what he is doing) any correct identification of them—and *also* as part of the account of the formation

[1] J. A. C. Brown, *Freud and the Post-Freudians* (Pelican Books, 3s. 6d.).

[2] Reuben Fine, *Freud: A Critical Re-Evaluation Of His Theories* (Allen & Unwin, 35s.).

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of character which is invoked to explain such behaviour. Another is the way in which adult behaviour may be characterised as Oedipal, an instructive resemblance with childhood behaviour being brought out by a term the use of which already half-commits us to a particular explanation of this resemblance.

This transition from level to level is itself important for at least two reasons. There is perhaps no discipline to compare with psychoanalysis for the way in which the very use of the vocabulary commits the novice—quite unconsciously—to acceptance of a complex theoretical framework. And moreover this is common to all the rival analytic schools, or to all at least which share some sort of Freudian commitment. Melanie Klein differed from Freud about many things, and especially the characterisation of early childhood; Freud himself was always prepared to revise his own theoretical apparatus; but what cannot be revised without loss of the theory altogether is the notion of a set of childhood traits, a corresponding set of adult traits, and a theoretical bridge between them. It is upon the concepts out of which this bridge is to be built that attention can therefore usefully be focused.

CENTRAL AMONG THEM is that of *repression*. Freud's own view both of the cause and of the consequences of repression gradually changed. He came in his later period to see repression as a response above all to anxiety, when he had earlier seen anxiety as an effect of repression. And he came to envisage it as only one of the defensive strategems to which the threatened ego might resort. But it retains a central and characteristic place. In a paper of 1908, *Character and Anal Erotism* Freud wrote that:

> We can at any rate lay down a formula for the way in which character in its final shape is formed out of the constituent instincts: the permanent character traits are either unchanged prolongations of the original instincts, or the sublimations of those instincts, or reaction-formations against them.

To this thought Freud remained faithful; and this required that he remained faithful also to the notion of repression. Dr. Brown has summarised his unchanging view in writing:

> that the unconscious plays a predominant part in mental life, since it takes its energy from the instinctual drives, and its contents are kept out of awareness not because they lack significance but because they may be so significant as to constitute what is felt as a threat to the ego. When this occurs they are actively repressed and can find expression only by devious methods, as in symptoms, certain character traits, and the other phenomena which represent compromise solutions to a conflict between primitive drives seeking an outlet and learned ego and super-ego behaviour patterns which must inhibit them.... Repression is itself an unconscious process....

THE DIFFICULTIES which critics have alleged against this position are of at least three kinds. There is the too open texture of the concepts; the apparent falsity and the untested character of certain of the factual claims; and the unfalsifiability of parts of the theoretical apparatus. A concept like "repression," for instance, can only be safely used if we are given criteria for its application, such that we can identify at least central cases of repression taking place. For its full use in psycho-analytic theory we should also need criteria to determine when behaviour evidences the effect of repression and when memories that have been recalled have been recalled as a result of a cessation of repression rather than from some other possible cause.

But we are supplied with no adequate criteria. We are not told how to recognise the response of repression when it is first made; and when later on the analyst interprets his patient's behaviour as manifesting effects of repression, what he will treat as confirmatory of his interpretation is probably a set of further reactions by the patient—dreams, newly recalled memories, changes in attitude to the analyst, and the like. Analysts have discussed with a great deal of care what the criteria of a correct interpretation ought to be.[3] But while they have produced some interesting generalisations about the kind of result that may follow from one sort of interpretation rather than another, what they have not done is to explain how these responses help to confirm the *truth* of the interpretation, as distinct from the effectiveness of it in producing further reactions. To do this successfully we should need the concept of repression and kindred concepts of defence to be defined more sharply in operational terms. More than this we must take care to see that the concepts are not defined in terms of the theory. For if repression is defined or explained in terms of unconscious instinctual drives, as it is in the quotation from Dr. Brown, then the use of the term is already part of our theoretical explanation of what occurs, and we shall still lack an adequate way of characterising and identifying

[3] See especially Susan Isaacs, "Criteria for Interpretation," *International Journal of Psycho-Analysis* (1939) and P. M. Torquet, "The Criteria For A Psycho-Analytic Interpretation," *Aristotelian Society Supplementary Volume* (1962).

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the occurrences which the theory is designed to explain.

At the level of the empirically observable there are much simpler questions to be put to the analyst. What are the alleged facts which the theory explains? What factual generalisations are entailed by the theory and must be true if the theory is true? Experimental psychologists have expended effort and ingenuity in trying to specify the necessary generalisations and confirm or falsify them. The result of this effort is a sifting out from the Freudian amalgam of particular hypotheses concerning the effects of maternal deprivation at different ages, the preferences of children for one parent rather than the other, the formation of character traits, and so on. When these hypotheses are tested, we find that the Freudian doctrine seems to be a mixture of true and false statements. In so appearing it loses its unity of structure. This loss is further intensified by the separating out in the process of the testable elements in the theory from the untestable.

I AM NOT NOW referring to the kind of untestability which derives from the too open texture of the key concepts, but to the tendency to specify too many ways in which the theory may be confirmed and not enough ways in which it might be falsified. Consider the already quoted statement from *Character and Anal Erotism*. The instinctual drives may be transformed so that they manifest themselves in one way; or it may be that the processes of reaction formation result in their being manifested in a precisely opposite way. The same type of background may result in sadistic aggressive behaviour or in gentle, non-violent behaviour. The hypothesis has become a bet that cannot lose; but by the same token, as Karl Popper has shown, it cannot win. Whatever the behaviour the hypothesis is not falsified, and its unfalsifiability is fatal to its status as a hypothesis.

ALL THIS is preliminary to a central argument. The criticisms I have summarised are almost over-familiar to analysts.[4] But what has been inadequately commented upon is the type of answer which is being made by the analysts and their supporters to the critics. I ought in fairness to the reader to stress that I am going to try to set out the analytic case against the critics at its strongest. This is why I want to attend especially to arguments used by Dr. Brown and Dr. Edward Glover.

Begin with Brown's reply to the charge that experimental evidence does not bear out Freud's hypotheses:

> That two American psychologists should ask college students to recall at random pleasant and unpleasant experiences on the assumption that, if repression were a fact, more of the former than the latter would be recalled is bad enough; that, as Professor Eysenck assures us, a group of strong and presumably normal individuals were persuaded to starve themselves for an appreciable period in order to prove that Freud's theory of dreams as wish-fulfilments was false because they did not dream of food, strains one's credibility; but that an eminent educational psychologist should solemnly "prove" the Oedipus complex to be a myth by the simple expedient of asking a number of other professional psychologists about the preferences of their own children towards one parent or the other baffles comprehension. Freud at no time said that unpleasant experiences as such were likely to be forgotten; he said that experiences which might conflict with other dominant tendencies of the personality were likely to be repressed, whether as experiences they were pleasant or not; he did not say that for any appreciable period a child showed overt preference for the parent of the opposite sex, because the very word "complex" refers to *unconscious* attitudes which are unconscious precisely because they are forbidden; he did not assert that hunger made one dream of food, although explorers and others subjected involuntarily to hunger have said that it did, and he would certainly have seen through the fallacy of supposing that voluntary and experimental subjection to starvation bears any resemblance in its emotional significance to the involuntary situation in which the basic issue is not primarily lack of food but imminent proximity of death.[5]

Let us concede at once the crudity of the experiments referred to; but even that crudity is a testimony to the difficulty of translating Freudian concepts into terms that will yield testable hypotheses. If the experimentalists have, as Brown accuses, mistranslated the concepts, the only adequate rejoinder would be to produce a correct translation and then await the verdict of experiment. But not only does Brown not do this, he does not even seem to admit the suggestion that there is a need for experiment. Yet until and unless such translations and experiments are provided the best available verdict on psycho-analytic theory would be that of "Not Proven." Nonetheless Brown claims that

> Freud alone amongst the founders of analytic schools understood and made thorough use of the scientific method in his investigations. Freud's approach was as logical and his findings as carefully tested as Pavlov's, but he was able to deal

[4] See especially H. J. Eysenck, "What is Wrong with Psychoanalysis?" in *Uses and Abuses of Psychology* and B. A. Farrell, "Psychoanalytic Theory?" in *New Society*, June 20 and 27, 1963.

[5] *Freud and The Post-Freudians*, pp. 192–3.

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> successfully with phenomena inaccessible to Pavlov. . . .

Yet throughout Brown's book what we are offered are confirmatory observations, not crucial tests of Freudian theory.

IT IS OF COURSE not only the opponents of analysis who have recognised the need for more enquiry at this point. Dr. Edward Glover has subjected both the lack of adequate definition of concepts and the absence of prediction and testing from psycho-analytic work to a critique as fierce as that of any experimentalist. But, so he has argued in two recent papers,[6] we should not therefore arrive at negative conclusions about psycho-analysis. For the carefully devised experiments of the ordinary descriptive psychologist are themselves suspect, since in the experimental study of variations in the behaviour of a particular group compared with a control group, we may ignore the possibility of unconscious factors affecting the behaviour of the chosen control, in such a way that the matching and comparison are unreliable.

> From all this follows the somewhat disconcerting conclusion that under present systems of control we have no sound justification for abandoning a causal theory simply because the application of statistical controls appears to show that it is non-specific. When allegedly scientific procedures appear to point conclusively in one direction, the investigator of deep and unconscious factors should not be too perturbed if these conclusions run counter to his own interpretations. Although apparently wrong by the standards of natural science he may yet be right by the standards of depth psychology.

The difficulty with this argument lies in its covert circularity. We cannot trust present experimental techniques because their use neglects the operation of unconscious factors; the only techniques which would be reliable would therefore be those which took account of the operation of such factors. But to admit the existence of the kind of unconscious factors of which Dr. Glover speaks is already to concede substantial truth to the very body of theory which we require to be tested. Dr. Glover's criticism of the experimentalists presupposes that the issue which divides him from them has already been fundamentally settled in his favour. Appearing to concede the need for neutral experiment, he in fact lays down preconditions for the construction of such experiments which ensure that his own positions will remain basically unscathed. It is this that makes the onus of disproof which he lays upon the experimental critics so unreal.

THE INESCAPABLE CONCLUSION of this part of the argument is that psycho-analytic theory is in no sense well founded and that it is not science in any recognisable sense. But this is not just because it is inadequately vindicated by experiment. It is much more because, although it clearly is in fact not vindicated, it is presented by its adherents as though its truth were well established. Dr. Brown compares Freud to Newton; Dr. Glover says that "Freud was able to establish some of the most important laws regarding human behaviour"; Dr. Fine asserts that general psychology now accepts the core of Freud's work. Brown and Fine give the impression that the rejection of psycho-analysis is eccentric and restricted to an imperceptive minority. But Professor O. H. Mowrer, a central figure in the development of contemporary psychology, by any standards, decided in the end for "the basic unsoundness of Freud's major premises." This kind of conclusion the layman all too seldom has brought to his attention.

BUT IT WORKS, so it will be said. Surely, it will be added, it is unforgivable to have treated psycho-analysis primarily as a body of explanations rather than as a method of therapy. Yet the whole argument so far is intended, above all, to raise a question about the therapy. It has often been asserted that the therapy is ineffective; roughly speaking, such evidence as there is points to an insufficiently dissimilar rate of cure for patients who are not treated at all as for those who are treated by analysis. But the evidence is not very good and about it, once again, the important point is not that the claims of psycho-analysis have been overthrown, but that they have never been vindicated. Yet even this is not what is crucial. What matters is that the practice of the therapy presupposes the truth of the theory. The claim that what the patient acquires is genuine self-knowledge of a past still alive in his present can only be made good if the theoretical bridge between childhood and adult life does not break down. The authority of the analyst in his therapeutic role rests on his supposed theoretical equipment and backing as well as his clinical skills. Yet the theory which the therapy embodies is a theory in which neither analyst nor patient have a right to be confident. But without confidence the therapy could not even begin. So how is the confidence to be engendered? Only in unjustifiable ways.

[6] "Psycho-analysis and 'Controlled' Research in Delinquency," *British Journal of Criminology* (1962) and "Research Techniques in Psycho-Analysis and in General Psychology," ***Readings in Psychology*** (ed. J. Cohen).

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The larger problem is the sociological one. False or unjustified assertions have been propagated in our time with the power of almost omnipotent states to back them up; beliefs now usually discredited but once plausible have often survived into our own age. But I know of no other example of a system of beliefs, unjustified on the basis of the criteria to which it itself appeals, and unbacked by political power or past tradition, which has propagated itself so successfully as Freudian orthodoxy. How did it do it?

Consider the following vocabulary: adjustment, conflict, integrate, relate, relationship.... It is the vocabulary of Jules Feiffer's characters. It is also the vocabulary of Feiffer's readers: the vocabulary of a segment of urban, middle-class intelligentsia whose cultural situation deprived them of large-scale theory at the same time as it made large-scale theory an intense necessity for them. The scepticism of an earlier generation had deprived them of religion. The history of their own time deprived them of Marxism and in so doing of their hold upon the public world of political ends. The intellectual may be socially valued for his functional utility; but otherwise his arena is increasingly that of private life. He needs to make his own experience intelligible: an image of the public world as a mere projection upon a larger screen of the private rages and longings, hopes and fears which circumscribe him. The intolerable character of his condemnation to private life is relieved by an overpersonalisation of that life. The ideology of personal relationships invokes a public sanction in the closed system of psycho-analytic theory. And a whole vocabulary of personal relationships enables psycho-analysis to appear, not as one more questionable theory, but as the unquestionable framework which gives life meaning.

YET IF THIS SUGGESTION—which amounts to saying that psycho-analysis is the folk religion of one section of the intelligentsia—were not only true, but the whole truth, we should scarcely expect the series of encounters between psycho-analysis and the larger world of society, politics, and history, to be as fruitful as they have been. Two books published since 1958 furnish a record of such encounters. They are Bruno Bettelheim's *The Informed Heart*[7] and Erik H. Erikson's *Young Man Luther: A Study in Psycho-analysis and History*.[8] Both exhibit a certain ambivalence towards the orthodox psycho-analytic tradition. Both return us to Freud himself, but to a different Freud both from the Freud of orthodoxy and from the Freud of each other.

Bettelheim is at once the most striking and the most intelligently radical of Freudian revisionists. He is the most striking because his revisions began in Dachau and Buchenwald. He is intelligently radical in his clear statement of what must be rejected in Freud.

> What struck me first was ... that those persons who according to psycho-analytic theory as I understood it then, should have stood up best under the rigour of the camp experience, were often very poor examples of human behaviour under extreme stress.

So he began to reflect on the nature of environment and on the apparent irrelevance of the explanation of types of behaviour in terms of their origin.

> It just would not do under conditions prevailing in the camps to view courageous, life-endangering actions as an outgrowth of the death instinct, aggression turned against the self, testing the indestructibility of the body, megalomaniac denial of danger, histrionic feeding of one's narcissism or whatever other category the action would have to be viewed from in psycho-analysis.

Not only the predictions, but also the values of psycho-analysis were put in question, and a common root was discerned for both errors. This root lay in the attention paid to the pathological, the lack of attention to the normal. Bettelheim stresses how psycho-analytic explanations of genius explain everything but the genius. Work, art, social life: all the normal ends of man evade being treated as the outcrops of infantile patterns.

When Bettelheim discusses his own experience in the camps in detail what is striking is the way in which psycho-analysts' concepts become less and less theoretical, more and more descriptive. The same is true of Erikson's work. Erikson—both in his earlier work, *Childhood and Society*, and in his study of Luther—uses not the Freudian system, but rather Freud's techniques of observation. He pays attention to the facts which Freud discovered rather than to the theoretical entities alleged to be lurking behind these facts. And he works empirically, generalising from instance to instance, and making modest predictions based on such generalisations. So he detects a pattern of crises in the development of the child. He makes use of Freud's descriptions to illuminate these crises; but his theory of stages is derived not from the theory so much as from generalisations about the empirical material of a much more modest

[7] Thames and Hudson (London), Free Press (Glencoe, Illinois, 1961).

[8] Faber & Faber (London) 1959, W. W. Norton (New York).

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kind than are some of Freud's own larger statements. The historical material is in his hands not something to which a ready-made psycho-analytic theory is applied. The vindication of Erikson's statements about Luther lies in *the evidence* about Luther, not in the congruence with established psycho-analytic doctrine. In other words psycho-analysis need not become the self-enclosed system which it so often is. But how do we avoid this? What is the difference between Brown and Fine on the one hand and Bettelheim and Erikson on the other?

PART OF THE ANSWER is surely obtained by considering the strain within Freud's own writings between observation and explanation, between the material he amasses and the theoretical forms into which he cast his presentation of that material. The comparison with Newton misled not only his expositors but Freud himself. What Freud showed us were hitherto unnoticed facts, hitherto unrevealed motives, hitherto unrelated facets of our life. And in doing so his achievement broke all preconceived conceptual schemes —including his own. As a discoverer he perhaps resembles a Proust or a Tolstoy rather than a Dalton or a Pasteur. We could have learnt this from reading Freud himself; but the division among his heirs also reveals the fact clearly.

Yet both sets of heirs are legitimate. The sterility and the perversity are as Freudian as the perceptive fertility of a Bettelheim or an Erikson. Freud, too, was a victim of the need to explain, of the need to be Newton. The paradox of the history of psycho-analysis is that it is those analysts most intent on presenting their subject as a theoretical science who have transformed it into a religion, those most concerned with actual religious phenomena, such as Bettelheim (who has written a monograph on initiation rites) and Erikson, who have preserved it as science. The achievement of Bettelheim and Erikson has been to extend our subjection to the phenomena themselves. But in so doing they have not diminished but increased its complexity.

The outcome of Freud's discoveries is to leave us not with a solution but with more problems, among them the problem of how to understand the analysts themselves, and the differences between them.

The Ritual

Out-lanterned on the dark
a leaf grotesque and huge
scissors across that space
and I alone within
an upper story room
look out, feel dwarfed, foreign.
Hand-clapping. There in the night
an animal is one with the night.

Solemn, gossamer
phlap phlap of passing steps—
voices, voices, urgenter
stencils of evening commands.

I never knew her name.
Clearly I see her there,
her shadow against the boughs
calling, drawing out the call
into a long vowel.
The garden, the window box
created a world of green
trembling in half-sleep.

Howard Griffin

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THEATRE

The Pretty Things

By John Gross

WE MUST all seek relief from the oppressive greatness of Shakespeare as best we can, and the ancient tradition of guying him is not to be wondered at: familiarity breeds burlesque, while the urge to deface a masterpiece is planted deep in the human breast. We dearly love to pencil in moustaches on the Mona Lisa, and most of us can look back with pleasure to a favourite skit on the histories (*O saucy Worcester, dost thou lie so low?*) or the tragedies (*The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon/Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone*). But to make merry at the expense of a comedy, especially one which itself mocks romantic idiom and calls into question established values, is a more complicated matter—too complicated for Signor Zeffirelli, at least, if his handling of *Much Ado About Nothing* is any guide.

Not that the National Theatre production is unrelieved ragging and romping: the poetry keeps breaking through, as it will, and isolated lines still stab or sparkle. But the pantomime note prevails, and the text is swamped by a hundred boisterous irrelevancies, sneezes and sniggers and speech impediments. Benedick is turned into a coxcomb, Leonato into a dingy provincial undertaker, Don Pedro into a preposterous caudillo (with a Speedy Gonzalez accent), and everyone else suffers a similar farcial transformation. The visual stunts are no less distracting: brass bands, *tableaux vivants*, writhing ornamental fountains, brandished umbrellas, wobbling bicycles. High jinks drive out high comedy, and Shakespeare can't hope to compete: why bother with all those references to Cupid, for example, even if the verbal caricature of myths and emblems is an essential aspect of the play's style, when you can actually see a dummy Cupid being drawn across a clothes-line, before your very eyes? The emphasis throughout is on externals, animated gestures and fancy-dress.

All of which redounds to the greater glory of Signor Zeffirelli, but presupposes that the play is an antique rigmarole, that the title means exactly what it says. The original design is obscured from the very first scene, where Leonato blurts out his welcome to Don Pedro while zealously pumping away at his hand. Immediately we know that we are looking down from a great height at toy soldiers and marionettes: the elaborate courtesy withers, the noble sentiments are undermined. Which is more or less what Shakespeare wanted to happen, but in his own good time: notions have to be set up before they can be knocked down, and Beatrice and Benedick would be no more than opponents in a private slanging-match unless they moved in a world where the demands of social decorum were inflexible, where romantic chivalry was taken seriously as a code to live by. A world which Shakespeare puts to the test and finds wanting: but he doesn't deliver his verdict until the end of the trial.

The play asserts the primacy of actual experience over artificial rules of conduct. "I will be flesh and blood," cries Leonato, giving vent to his wretchedness; what lends his protest force is that society expects him to act as though he wasn't. It is a society which judges—and misjudges—by appearances, which succumbs to dark and treacherous possibilities because it tries to ignore them: Don Pedro, the foremost representative of official morality, is as credulous as Claudio. There are other plays by Shakespeare, like *Henry IV*, where prose and poetry are evenly matched; but this is the only one where prose indubitably triumphs, where poetry is seen as deceptive rhetoric and it is a sign of Benedick's superiority that he was not born under a rhyming planet.

Hero and Claudio are deliberately stylised, cut to a conventional pattern; there is a faint premonition of Hermione's re-birth in the concluding ritual, but Claudio's jealousy is never adequately purged, and his efforts to laugh away his melancholy when he thinks that Hero is dead leave a nasty taste. He is irrevocably stamped as Lord Lackbeard, and Benedick has earned the right to call him "boy," and to deal

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plainly with Don Pedro, too: "You have among you killed a sweet and innocent lady." Alone among the principals Beatrice and Benedick are grown up—or rather, they appreciate how difficult it is to behave like grown-ups (which is what makes the childish humour of the Old Vic production so fatal, though it might be agreeable enough in another context). Their relationship allows for the hard core of self-love which will always resist the claims of others, and they know the measure of their own aggressiveness—know it too well, in fact. Wit is a substitute weapon, a means of bringing disruptive personal antagonisms under civilised control; but it can only offer limited satisfactions, and the world must be peopled. Beatrice and Benedick have to be manipulated into accepting each other, acknowledging that the ideal of complete independence is a mirage; they know what they are doing, however, and it is essentially a matter of dropping a defensive pose. Both of them are proud and difficult, but they have the saving gift of self-awareness, and they understand better than anyone else in Messina that a workable marriage, like a workable society, can only be built on the realisation that the human animal is *divers et ondoyant*, imperfect and unpredictable. "Man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion."

Such wisdom is not confined to a single time and place, and there is no reason why it should be brought out more clearly by shifting the play into a toy-shop version of 19th-century Sicily. Signor Zeffirelli has tried to confer honorary Italian citizenship on Shakespeare, all the way down to making Conrade and Borachio members of the Mafia (I've heard of "unser Shakespeare," but this is positively Cosa Nostra). At the risk of sounding insular, this is not the way: Benedick the married man is no more amusing for looking as though he had just walked out of *Divorce Italian Style*, and several eminent contemporaries have already pointed out the fallacy of making Dogberry and the watch jabber away like comic organ-grinders, when their intervention in the middle of a potential tragedy is meant to be not only reassuring, but reassuringly English. (Shakespeare knew what he was talking about: his own father had been a constable.) Italianate is one thing, Little Italy another; but in any case the adaptation isn't consistent. Local colour is sprayed on casually, music-hall accents erupt at random.

That said, it must be admitted that the production is often delightful to look at, well-costumed, and exceptionally well-lit. The cast, too, are energetic and full of bounce. No one will deny that Signor Zeffirelli knows how to mount a first-rate carnival, or that he has contrived some opulent displays and quaint cameos. Balthasar's bashful hat-in-hand rendering of "Sigh no more, ladies," for instance. The effect is too broad to convey the differing moods which the song summons up in Benedick and Claudio (about which Auden has written so preceptively in *The Dyer's Hand*), but it is very pretty nonetheless, and indeed, if prettiness were all, this would be a memorable production. As it is, it would still be acceptable as a sport, a fantasia on a Shakespearean theme, if only we had some kind of institution, such as a National Theatre, where straightforward high-quality interpretations of Shakespeare were readily available.

EVEN ZEFFIRELLI WOULD find it hard to smother *Hobson's Choice* with charm. Harold Brighouse's 1916 comedy is too doggedly itself, too firmly anchored in time and place (chapel-going Free Trade Salford in the heyday of the People's William). It is an admirably sturdy piece of old-fashioned workmanship, built to last, and enjoying all the advantages of thorough-going but unostentatious provincialism: strongly flavoured dialogue, closely observed manners, an entirely convincing locale. Class distinctions are assumed to be eternal, the grime can never be scraped off, nothing outweighs the realities of ledger and till. Yet the play breathes confidence, and Willie Mossop's rise from wage-slave in the cellar to senior partner in Mossop & Hobson is as romantic as Dick Whittington's. The humour is too direct, too based on plain common sense, to call for much comment; but there are some subtle shadings in the picture as well. In the last act the worm still hasn't executed a complete turn, and Brighouse suggests very delicately the extent to which Willie, for all his new-found courage, is still unsure of himself. The play says more about sex, too, than most modern bedroom sagas, without having to make "frank" disclosures. Everything necessary is implied in the gap between the honeymoon antics at the end of Act II, with Willie struggling reluctantly into his nightgown and sheltering behind the screen, and the mixture of tenderness and mutual respect which has been established by the final curtain.

The new production at the National Theatre deserves high praise. Frank Finlay is altogether outstanding as Willie Mossop: when he first emerges through the hatch, it is hard to believe that he hasn't been wearing a leather apron all his life, and he has every quirk of the character at his finger-tips, from dumb misery to eventual awkward mastery. A golden performance, almost matched by Billie Whitelaw, who brings warmth as well as flinty efficiency to showing how Maggie saves herself from turning

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into a shrew. Unfortunately Colin Blakely is less satisfactory as Hobson: his face aflame with rouge, ranting at the top of his voice, he supplies a monster where ripe characterisation is called for, and he has to keep hitching up his Lancashire accent. Over-acting also spoils the portrayal of Dr. MacFarlane, a small but splendid study in bad-tempered Scottish sagacity. The other supporting players are excellent, however, especially Maggie's two younger sisters and Hobson's saloon-bar crony. A highly enjoyable evening, and an interesting glance at a tradition which still had a long way to go before it ended up in Coronation Street.

ERIC BENTLEY ONCE SAID that *Widowers' Houses* remains the most revolutionary act in modern British drama, and the revival at the Theatre Royal, Stratford (John Bull's other Stratford) fully confirms his judgment. Not just because of the audacious theme, but even more because for the first time since the eighteenth century here is dramatic prose of real authority, the true self-assured music of the comic spirit. It was Shaw himself who protested that what he had written was not a pamphlet in dialogue, but "in intention a work of art as much as any comedy of Molière's is a work of art"; and I think it was probably a mistake for the management at Straford to plaster the walls of the vestibule with newspaper cuttings about Rachmanism. Our slums are a real problem, to be dealt with in the real world. They provide the occasion for Shaw to expose hypocrisy and wishful thinking in the classic tradition, but they are not in themselves his theme; if they were, we could only conclude that he was heartless in writing with such unruffled gaiety. We are perhaps tempted to make too much of him nowadays as a "pure" artist, in order to re-establish his reputation, and it would be wrong not to recognise that the crisp athletic vigour of his style is only possible because he is dealing seriously with a serious subject. But it remains true that despite the cynical, potentially horrible happy ending, the prevailing atmosphere in the first of these Plays Unpleasant is exhilarating rather than ugly. Shaw takes as much delight in a Sartorius as a St. Joan; the magic transformation of Lickcheese from rent-collector to *rentier* tickles him almost as much as Doolittle's rise in the world; his very fools, like Cokane, speak with more energy and decisiveness than other dramatists' wise men. *Widowers' Houses* may still, unfortunately, be timely; but more important, it is timeless, too.

Ronald Eyre's production goes with a bang. Of the cast, one might single out Jack May's sallow, oddly equivocal Sartorius, and John Warner, wonderfully prim and petulant as Cokane. But all the acting is of high quality. On the night I saw the play, there was a steady ripple of laughter from the audience, signalling the true pleasure in a live performance which the theatre alone can give—something which Zeffirelli's *Much Ado* fails to achieve, though it strains hard. The house was lamentably thin, however, and it would be a sad day if the enterprising Stage Sixty group died of neglect, just because it has made its home on the wrong side of the tracks. There are times when a critic ought perhaps to confine himself to humble tasks, such as pointing out that the Theatre Royal is only twenty minutes from the West End on the Central Line.

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Nikola Šop

Space Visits

I

Miracle, miracle.

We are leaning over and looking
At the night overturned.

What used to be above us, high up,
A soaring vault,
Is now flying, moving, swaying
Deep below us.

Already we have forgotten clouds and winds and rains.
Here, at the summit of overturned space,
Are we not ourselves—
Our own breath?

II

Here is the ridge, here is the end.
Another jump—and you will start afresh.
But no playing tricks here.
I see, my companions, that all of you
Have already learned to stand upright.
You can even walk.
Let's climb down from the balcony and take a stroll
To the edge of the universe.
Not far away is Phaeton's path.
One single mistake—and his chariot
Fell and was irretrievably smashed.

III

This is the top where the path ends.
Once, in fact, the sun stood here.
Now it shines below us, unfamiliar, upside down.
Our shadows no longer spread their carpets below us,
But stretch up over our heads,
Swaying like curtains,
Stretching up further and further, into infinity.

Stop. Look there. All of a sudden
Our shadows are beginning to disperse.

Hush. Look. Imagine.
Here space comes to an end.

IV

There, rebounding from something, our shadows
Are growing longer and bending.

Something up there is dispersing our shadows,
Turning them back, bending them into arcs.

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Look. Look.
Stay where you are.
Say what you think. Our shadows are rebounding from something.
What are you thinking?

This is the edge of space, not its end,
The edge of space, infinity
Bending itself into a circle.

V

Here you can enter yourself,
The shortest path, yet an endless maze.
However, let's go and see what's over the edge,
A most perilous adventure.

Is everyone holding on tight,
Has everyone a secure foothold,
Every tourist, every guest?

Now, what's the matter? This single word of mine
Makes some of you faint,
Fall over backwards, fall down, shout for help, seek repose.

VI

Calm yourselves, calm yourselves, say nothing.
Breathe quietly and easily,
Leaning for support on the void.

But you, you indomitable mountaineers, staggering under
Your heavy packs to no purpose, put them down.

How often I've told you not to carry such things,
All that climbing gear.

In this emptiness, on this plain which is its own summit,
What use are ice-axes, or the rope
Coiled round your waists?

To what further heights do you wish to climb?

If you like, you can scale your own statures,
Your own shoulders and heads,
And get a boundless view from there.

Only from there is disclosed a still wider vista,
Only from oneself.

VII

It's like field-sports.
Like an athlete jumping from one shoulder to higher and higher shoulders,
From this shoulder to that, ever higher and higher,
From himself to a higher self, from himself to the summit,
Where, looking down from himself, he turns pale with fear,
Overcome by the icy precipice.

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And then, slowly, you have to descend from yourself.

From shoulder to shoulder,
Toiling down yourself, lower and lower,
Nearer and nearer the ground,
Until you reach your own stature, that little height of yours,
From which you jump to the ground and resume your stride,
Start walking and whistling through this world,
Smoking your usual cigarette.

VIII

Phaeton crashed right here.

Here the path slopes down, steep and abrupt.

Some lack of balance, some giddiness, it seems,
Is still bothering you.
Keep away from the edge, the further the better.
Don't lean out too far over the bottomless gulf.
You might lose your state of weightlessness and,
Suddenly cumbered by your bodies,
Topple over the edge, crashing down into weight
As Phaeton crashed.

IX

He was driving a weightless thing,
Pure sunlight.

Filled with sunlight, he longed
To soar higher and higher,
But because of his light, waxing ever brighter and brighter,
The earth below began to teem with shadows.
The brighter he,
The darker and heavier they.

X

New beings will call on us for the first time,
Without knocking,
Faces unseen till now, though once well known.
Push the things aside,
Let them enter freely.

XI

They come walking, flying, walking, walking,
These unarriving uninvited guests.
They come walking,
Their speech incomprehensible, their words soundless,
Bearing gifts which ring, if you can hear
Their insides echoing against their centres.

The echoes fade. The centre of new things.

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Watch carefully, prepare your hand
To receive their gifts in the proper way.

Don't stretch it out, don't stretch it out,
But bring it down in an arc
And cover the gift from above,
Feel the new thing in its wholeness,
Feel its upward pressure
Pervade your palm.

XII

How near, how remote are the places
From which they have come, you ask them.
From what depths, from what heights
Have they alighted here, you whisper to them.

Your words, composed of the ordinary letters and sounds,
Cannot reach their ears,
As they float around you on various orbits.

Everything about you is strange to them:
The only thing they recognise is bread.

Bread they know, bread they break and share:
But your face is strange to them.

XIII

On our way to you we passed through the void
Once filled by your earth.
Now there is nothing there, just a horror of nothing.

There time plods on
To no end, to no purpose:
Minutes and seconds go by there,
But for whom and why?

Only the imprint of your globe is left,
A dreadful hollow in space,
Where the echoes of the clocks die away,
Ticking in vain.

XIV

Into that void keep drifting
Fragments, chips of the demolished globe,
Into that state of dispersion,
That unending disappearance
Of things which once were.

There, from time to time, during wild terrible storms,
Ruined cities come into view,
Swaying uncannily in the void.

There you see living rooms
Cut in half.

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You see raised hands, hear the sound of clinking glasses,
Lonely murmurs of toasts,
Incoherent broken words.

XV

And if you bend over a little closer, prepared
To lean further,
You will spot some gloomy bays
Where shipwrecked vessels crash into each other,
As momentary gusts
Re-mould them into their former shapes.

Now, though, I remember nothing,
Nothing except the stick
With which I rapped at someone who was hard of hearing
And said:

When you leave, don't forget your bread.

XVI

Oh, only from bread do I know
That the earth once turned in this void,
Only from two pieces cut for somebody
During some human feast.

Since the universe touched them, they are quiet,
With a delicious fragrance which for a moment
Made me halt in my flight towards you.

Two pieces, two slices, still salt
With human tears:
Because of the salt, they say, we know that mankind
Found delight in bread.

XVII

And how did they break it, divide it, eat it,
You ask me thoughtfully.

Let the question remain unanswered.

But I know for certain that they divided bread between them,
Divided and divided and never
Stopped dividing it.

During that inconceivable division
An explosion shattered the earth's crust:
What you see on my shoulder is its dust.

translated by Branko Brusar & W. H. Auden

A Note

W. H. AUDEN writes:- "Considered by many of his compatriots to be the best living Croatian poet, NIKOLA ŠOP was born at Jajce, Bosnia, in 1904. He was crippled for life during Hitler's bombardment of Belgrade in 1941. *Space Visits* is taken from his volume *Space Poems* (1957)"

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NOTES & TOPICS

Japan's Past

FOR SOME YEARS during the last war I was much occupied with the Japanese in the context of psychological and political warfare. Until hostilities were imminent, I had been almost completely ignorant about this exotic and complex society. When the war ended my professional concern ended too, but I retained enough curiosity about the country and its people to read quite a good proportion of the monographs which have appeared during the last two decades. I did this for my own recreation and information; since I had no knowledge of the language and had never visited the country, I never considered writing on the topic.

In 1941, I read most of the literature then available; and two books seemed to me outstanding in their clarity and insight: the late John Embree's *Suye Mura*, and Sir George Sansom's *Japan: a Short Cultural History*. John Embree died untimely, his promise never fulfilled; but when the first volume of Sir George's *A History of Japan* appeared in 1958 I read it with great admiration and interest, an admiration and interest which were sustained when the two further volumes were published.[1] The completed book seemed to me one of the masterpieces of our time, both for the elegance of its style and for the illumination it provided on the history and way of life of a society founded on quite different premises to those of Europe but with occasional illuminating parallels. To me, it seemed to bear comparison with such works as Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, Motley's *Rise of the Dutch Republic*, or Doughty's *Arabia Deserta*. But when I voiced my enthusiasm to friends whom I felt sure would share my judgment I found that (with the exception of those who specialised in Asian studies) they nearly all were ignorant that the book existed. The first volume excepted, *A History of Japan* has been referred to very little in Britain in either the public or the specialised press; to the best of my knowledge there has been no public consideration of the work as a whole. This silence must be considered my excuse for writing on a subject for which I have no special qualifications; I should like other people to share the pleasure and enlightenment I have received from this remarkable work.

[1] *A History of Japan*. By George Sansom. Volume I to 1334 (1958); Volume II, 1334–1615 (1961); Volume III, 1615–1867 (1964). London: Cresset Press. £3 3s. each volume.

BECAUSE I AM A social anthropologist, my chief interest, when I read of societies distant in time or space, is in the regularities in the ways of life of the peoples described. I am less interested in the unique events, which are the main topics of most histories, than in the prevailing patterns; by my reading I hope to gain not only an understanding of the society described but also—through comparison and contrast—of the other societies of which I am aware which mankind has developed to date.

By this criterion, *A History of Japan* is a very satisfactory book. Although it covers a very long time-span—nearly 1,500 years—and the development of the Japanese from a very simple technology to the verge of modern industrialisation, it consistently takes into account nearly all the institutions of the society as they are modified over the centuries—religion, art, court intrigues, taxation, law, family life, land tenure, and techniques of agriculture.

In Sir George's view, the main theme in Japan in the period covered by his history is to be found in the ownership and cultivation of the relatively small amount of fertile land in the islands. His introductory chapter describes the fertility and aridity of the islands; his final appendix details the composition in persons, livestock, buildings, and yield of an identified village in 1633; and throughout the three volumes the information on the changing patterns of land-ownership, techniques of agriculture, crop-taxation, land surveys, marketing, and the like, is profuse. He quotes with great approval the words of an aristocrat, Kitabatake Chikafusa, who wrote in 1339 that "the dynastic warfare ... was due to the claims of an unlimited number of persons on a limited amount of land." "In that statement," Sir George adds, "although he could not know it, Chikafusa was summarising the whole of Japanese history from the beginning down to modern times."

Although agriculture is the dominant economic theme, the other aspects of the economy are not neglected: there is full information on the introduction and later manipulations of coinage, the handling of credit, the establishment of markets, the development of trades, and the goods exchanged with China, Korea, and other overseas markets. Sir George is always concerned with how the people lived, the peasant as much as the feudal lord, the monk or the emperor. He tells us, too, what he can glean about the position of women, making skilful use of the diaries which, almost from the moment when the Japanese had adapted the Chinese script, they have kept with such assiduity. This persistent trait was of considerable importance during the second World War.

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Sir George thinks in what might be termed "reciprocals," in a fashion which (as far as my knowledge goes) is very rare among historians though it should be habitual among social anthropologists. Thus, when he discusses the development of the graphic arts, or the theatre, he tells us who were the patrons, or rather from what strata of the society they derived. As new religions or new sects are introduced into the country, he not only describes the tenets and the principal missionaries or preachers, but also the congregations they attracted. Thus, he writes on the success of Amida Buddhism:

> Articulate persons, especially those who keep diaries, are fond of expressing world-weariness. They must, they tell us, give up the vain search for pleasure and retire to a monastery or some mountain retreat where they can lead a holy life and attend to their own salvation. Yet they are not quite convincing, and the true votaries look askance at such confessions, observing sourly that they are made not out of faith but only from an urge to be in the fashion. What these people really wanted was pleasure in this world and bliss in the next; and such being the prevailing sentiment it is not surprising that the Pure Land teaching met with so warm a response. It offered a prospect of Paradise without arduous spiritual exercise, and in effect it said to its converts that they need not trouble much about sin, for the Buddha Amida was of infinite compassion and mercy. There was here no question of the continual watch of a "Great Forbidder, safe with all his Spies around him." Faith was needed, not works. Moreover, this new Amida worship not only promised salvation but held out prospects of bliss in this life also. It was a gospel which could not fail to attract the ordinary man of the day, superstitious, sentimental, quick to respond to hopes as well as fears.
>
> Later developments of the Amidist sects are rather closely connected with political changes, and we must study them in due course. Here we need add only that the theological reasoning upon which the Nembutsu doctrine was based is by no means as simple and direct as the formula in which it was presented to the common run of aspirants. On the contrary, it is subtle and appealing, and it raises complex issues of faith and grace. It was attacked by the older sects as encouraging evil-doers, but there can be no doubt that the Pure Land sects were well suited to the times, in which most men were thirsty for the consolations of religion.

Sir George is obviously fascinated by the subtleties of the variants of religious belief, as he is by the subtleties of Japanese art. (Each volume of the *History*, incidentally, contains some twenty reproductions of Japanese works of art, most carefully selected for their beauty and appositeness.) He is sceptical, however, of the influence of religious belief on artistic creativity:

> It is sometimes said that the masterpieces of Higashiyama were created under the inspiration of Zen Buddhism. This is a dubious statement, which should not be accepted without clear definitions of inspiration and Zen. In so far as Zen inculcates "direct pointing of the soul of man" it must be hostile to what is false, pretentious, confused, obscure, or roundabout. But so is any rational canon of taste in the arts as well as in the life of the individual. We need not turn to metaphysics for an explanation of pure creative instinct at work.

On traditional Shintō he reminds us:

> Some confusion has been caused by recent Western writers on "Shintō" who treat it as if it were nothing but an invention of nationalistic propaganda. Certainly it has been put to base uses, as have other creeds, but the "fair humanities" of the old religion have not entirely vanished.

Nevertheless, his final judgment on religious strife, in the context of the persecution of the Christians in the 17th century, is that "it appears at first sight that religion calls forth bitter hatreds compared with which secular animosities are almost gentle."

BECAUSE of their analogous geographical situations at either end of the Eurasian landmass, parallels have frequently been drawn between the peoples of the islands of Great Britain and Japan, often, in periods of Japanese-British friendship, with far more emphasis than the evidence warrants. Many of the similarities stem directly from their respective geographical situations: the population recruited from the mainland (in Japan's case the recruitment ended many centuries earlier); the idiosyncratic versions of the legal systems, the social systems, the religions and the philosophies of the major adjacent continental societies developed with only intermittent renewed contact with the donor societies; the sense of security, almost of arrogance, that the sea-moat provided in the centuries when the technique of construction of sea-worthy vessels of war was relatively little developed.

Between roughly the 13th and 16th centuries the analogies are much closer. This period (almost entirely covered in the second volume) is generally described as feudal, although, as Sir George reminds us:

> The word feudalism has been sadly misused in recent years, for apart from signifying a form of government developed in medieval times it has come to mean almost any form of social habit or economic practice of which the user disapproves. Strictly speaking, feudalism is not a system of government but a sort of land distribution and land tenure from which (especially in a country with an almost exclusively agrarian economy) a particular social structure arises.

During these centuries in England and Japan there was an intimate relationship between political power and land-ownership, the

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Churches, headed by turbulent priests, being among the more important of these land-owners, with similar relationships to the people who worked the soil; and both countries were engaged in almost constant hostilities, both dynastic (the War of the Roses, the War between the Northern and Southern Courts) and between the great families. This is a period of confused turmoil and of romantic chivalry, embodied in literature. Of the Japanese writings, Sir George remarks:

> Not all these tales of chivalry are trustworthy versions of events and ideas. Nevertheless the "Mirror of the East" reflects an image of the truth, distorted perhaps but real and tangible in its essence, because the ideals of a society are part of its character even when they are rarely attained.

The Japanese conflicts are perhaps even more confused, as they are certainly more bloody, than are those in Britain over the same period; to have produced a coherent and understandable record, as Sir George has done, must have been a task of the greatest difficulty. In the course of this work of organisation, Sir George writes with an epigrammatic neatness which worthily recalls Tacitus or Gibbon.

> Like most wars, the war between the Courts was fought about one thing and settled something else; and, while the fighting was going on, unperceived changes were taking place in the life of people whose occupation was peaceful. . . .
>
> To follow the history of deterioration in government from the decline of the Hōjō is to gain a strong impression of gradual and inevitable decline, a tragic sequence that had to run its course, because a military society is bound to seek military solutions of its problems. That is its curse. . . .
>
> There is no need to study this conflict in its sanguinary detail, but one episode deserves attention because it reveals the fundamental weakness of these great warrior families as they became swollen with pride and doomed by ambition. . . .
>
> He then set about the great task of government, upon lines that showed the best of intentions and the worst of qualifications—an ignorance of political realities.

Apart from the general similarities in the systems of land-tenure and the conduct of internecine war, both countries saw the Churches taking an increasingly great secular role, and popular variants of upper-class creeds spreading among the poor. Both countries indulged in finally fruitless attempts to conquer the mainland (France in one case, Korea in the other). Both countries were saved from invasion by a stronger continental power (the Spaniards and the Mongols) by an opportune tempest. Both countries finally achieved a unified central government in the 17th century. The parallels look as though they lent support to some determinist interpretation of history.

Although for about three centuries the histories of the two groups of islands run almost in parallel, the contrasts in the centuries that preceded and those that followed are very great indeed. Before the confusion and turmoil of the later middle ages, Japan developed in the 11th century one of the most exquisite civilisations recorded in human history, the Heian. With great skill, Sir George communicates his delight in this society.

> The most striking feature of the aristocratic society of the Heian capital is its aesthetic quality. It is true that it was a society composed of a small number of especially favoured people, but it is none the less remarkable that, even in its emptiest follies, it was moved by considerations of refinement and governed by a rule of taste. It is in the period of the Fujiwara Regents that there were formed among upper-class men and women in privileged situations certain standards of personal behaviour and aesthetic judgment which are the source, or it might be better to say the foundation, of Japanese social life as it developed in later centuries. It is not an exaggeration to suggest that traces of the manners of the Heian era are to be detected long after the decay of its political institutions, and are still visible in some departments of modern life. It is worth while, therefore, if we wish to discover what were the springs of behaviour, what were the distinguishing characters of the ruling classes in Japan in the middle ages, to examine their acts and thoughts and feelings in the light of such evidence as is available. What is this evidence?
>
> In quantity it is copious enough, for we have plentiful literary remains in the shape of chronicles, diaries, romances, and poems, which, though not always known to us in their original form, are useful sources of information when circumspectly used. Of these the most important is the great classical romance, the *Tale of Genji*. It is a work of imagination, a masterpiece of fiction, but it is based upon the writer's own experience, and enlivened by her sensibility, so that in itself it is a most penetrating study of Court society. It is more than that, however, for like most great works of art it discloses much that does not appear elsewhere—the unconscious forces, the unspoken ideas, the silent motives of the period.

Of the Fujiwara family, who gave their name to the period, Sir George writes:

> Their general aim and purpose was to increase the wealth of their family. This they might have achieved by administrative competence; but the refinement of intrigue, the weighing and balancing of character and motive, the constant interplay of personality, the game of skill with living pieces, is to a certain temperament a more fascinating exercise of talent than is called for by passing laws and supervising a herd of civil servants. It requires a delicacy of perception, a

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> sensitiveness to fine shades of behaviour, and a superb confidence, which, when used for deliberate ends, can be a source of aesthetic pleasure, of epicurean delight. Indeed it is in this feeling for the most subtle points of human relations that one can perhaps find a key to that unique society of which we get a glimpse, or rather a partial revelation, in the diaries and romances of the early eleventh century, notably the *Makura no Sōshi* and the *Tale of Genji*. It is a society governed less by a rule of conduct than by a rule of taste.

As with other such flowerings of the human spirit, such as Athens or Florence, the heyday of Kyoto was relatively brief; but, as Sir George demonstrates, its influence left patterns which persisted through all the subsequent centuries. One of these, to which reference has already been made, is the obsessive keeping of diaries; a second is a persistent pleasure in amateur versifying. Even in the most sanguinary periods of civil strife there are constant references to linked-verse parties; poetry competitions continue to this day. Another, and it would appear more idiosyncratic, theme is the distinction in both person and function between reigning, ruling, and governing. Not only in the Imperial house, but also among the great families, the titular head would often be a child, while the power was wielded by one or more abdicated or cloistered fathers or regents. In reading the history of Japan, it often seems as though all the title-holders were children or puppets.

After the Japanese state was finally unified at the beginning of the 17th century there was another period of high artistic creativity, the Genroku; but the chief interest of the two-and-a-half centuries from 1615 (covered in the third volume of *A History of Japan*) is that this is the most fully documented example of a completely planned state in human history, to the best of my knowledge. It is possible that the state of the Incas, destroyed by the Spaniards, was such another; but here the documentation is very inadequate.

The Tokugawa Regents, who were in power during this period, measured their success by the extent to which nothing was modified from their perfect plan. Outside influences were kept at bay by the policy of Sakoku, the Closed Country, adopted in 1639 and maintained for over two centuries; internal stability was planned to be maintained by assigning to every individual precise social status with prescribed rights and duties. "There were," writes Sir George of this period,

> multiple gradations in each class from the rich daimyo down to the lowest rank of samurai; from the rich farmer down to the day labourer; from the skilled craftsman down to the apprentice; from the rich merchant down to the pedlar. All such distinctions were scrupulously observed, precedence and modes of address at a meeting of village elders, for example, being matters of great concern. The complex social hierarchy demanded a strict etiquette in social relations, which was burdensome but had the merit of encouraging courteous behaviour.

There were attempts to legislate against economic change by sumptuary laws and the like.

> It need scarcely be said that these rules were not obeyed. The indigent samurai could not afford luxuries, and the well-to-do townspeople and farmers could not be induced to lead a simple life when they were enjoying some prosperity after penurious years. The Economy Orders were repeated again and again until as late as 1743, but of course to no effect. They were the work of clerks with an itch to scribble, and even if they had been issued by higher authority they would have failed, since the Bakufu could not direct industry and control prices by mere fiat.

As a final paradox, this long period of uninterrupted external peace was one in which the hereditary warriors, the samurai, had the highest social status.

There have been so few planned societies in human history which have lasted for more than a generation that this period of Japanese history merits very careful attention from Europeans now that the belief is so widespread that a just and stable society can be achieved and maintained by planning. Sir George makes the period, exotic though it is, understandable, and illustrates its strengths and weaknesses.

I am, of course, not competent to criticise in any way Sir George's interpretation of the material and his use of new primary sources; that, one would think, can only be undertaken by the Japanese themselves. I did, however, notice one rather curious omission: the almost complete lack of reference to the bawdy, Dionysiac aspects of Japanese myths and much of Japanese popular art. He re-tells the basic myth of the Sun Goddess, Amaterasu, who withdrew in dudgeon into a cave, so that the light of the world went out; but he omits the story of how she was induced to return. One of the minor goddesses performed so outrageous a bawdy dance that the Sun Goddess burst into uncontrollable laughter and re-warmed the world. It is perhaps because he so admired the Apollonian qualities of the Heian period, that Sir George plays down the Dionysiac aspects of other eras. Japan, it is frequently said, is a country of paradoxes; it is made comprehensible and illuminating by the masterly organisation and limpid prose of *A History of Japan*.

Geoffrey Gorer

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When Will U.S. Economists Catch Up?

A Critical Comment on J. K. Galbraith — By LEON H. KEYSERLING

IN COMMENTING on J. K. Galbraith's article, *Economics v. the Quality of Life* [ENCOUNTER, December], I must, regretfully, once again take issue with a good friend whom I admire for his inquiring and independent mind, literary gifts, and considerable courage. My criticism cannot avoid reference to *The Affluent Society* (which I have always regarded as an unfortunate effort despite its vogue) because the recent article, with only minor nuances, is substantially a replay of the themes of the famous 1958 book, and indicates to my disappointment that the author has not watched as closely as he might have U.S. economic developments during the ensuing six years.

Just as Galbraith said six years ago in the famous book that poverty was no longer "a massive affliction" in the United States, he still denies that production of more goods for private consumption should have high priority, and keeps on referring to "the contrast between public penury and private affluence." In this vein, he still protests that "the two classical concerns of the normative economics—how to increase productive efficiency and how to reconcile this with distributive equity—are the natural consequences of general poverty," and therefore no longer of general pertinence in the U.S.

To be sure, we do need vast expansion of our public services. But more than 34 million Americans still live in poverty, with incomes at least 50 per cent below those required for a "minimum but adequate" budget in the American perspective, and more than 20 million of these people are at least 33⅓ per cent below the income which they must achieve to lift them out of poverty. Another 32 million Americans live in what I have called a state of "deprivation"—above the poverty level but below the "minimum but adequate" level just referred to. Only about 5½ per cent of all Americans, receiving 17 per cent of total personal income, live in what might fairly be called "affluence" or "wealth," again within the U.S. perspective.[1] As for Galbraith's related assertion in *The Affluent Society* that economic security (except in times of depression) is "finished business or largely finished business," it should be noted that, among the more than 10 million recipients of old-age insurance under "social security," much more than 60 per cent live in poverty; that at least one-third of the total population cannot afford adequate medical care at available costs; and that our "general welfare" programmes lag lamentably behind those of most other highly industrialised nations.

The massive poverty in the U.S. results only secondarily from inadequate public services, and primarily from low private incomes, whether employed or unemployed (even social security benefits are private income, and privately financed). I have tried, on numerous occasions, to call to the attention of my friend Galbraith that the people whose miserable private incomes compel them to live in slums near luxurious public universities, to which they cannot afford to send their children, are just as shocking a juxtaposition as the rich families living near inadequately-supported public hospitals; that, for economic, psychological, and political reasons, the public funds cannot be raised to do the public job so long as the U.S. economy is performed poorly in the private sector. One must bear in mind that total U.S. tax collections at all levels during the past eleven and a half years have been about 135 billion dollars lower than they would have been at the same tax rates if we had maintained *full* employment and full production; and that nothing we can do about our public services will really get America moving again without the quantitative as well as the qualitative help of enormous increases in the private incomes and living levels of some 66 million people now in poverty or deprivation.

GALBRAITH'S PERSISTENT imperviousness to private poverty (he says that improvement in living standards has now become "less urgent") ex-

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[1] See my comprehensive study, *Poverty and Deprivation in the U.S.*, published by the Conference on Economic Progress (1001 Connecticut Avenue, Washington, D.C.).

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plains his cavalier attitude towards the whole problem of economic growth. That growth must provide most of the sinews for an all-out war on poverty and deprivation, quite aside from the importance of improved income distribution which Galbraith regards as a moribund issue. Correlatively, because he depreciates the issue of economic growth, Galbraith six years ago urged "winning a measure of release from our present commitment to full employment." And his current insistence that a top priority should no longer be attached to the problem of unemployment when it gets as low as about *6 per cent* (which he looks upon as the recent level) is truly appalling. As of mid-1964, the true level of unemployment (taking into account not only full-time employment but also the full-time equivalent of part-time employment, and the concealed unemployment resulting from inadequate growth in the labour force due to scarcity of job opportunity) was *8·5 per cent*, with a higher incidence among Negroes, young people, and other disadvantaged groups. Taking account of these factors (and also that unemployment rotates among different people in the course of a year so that those unemployed three months or longer within a year total about three times as many as the number unemployed at any one time), I have conservatively estimated that about 40 per cent of the poverty in the U.S. exists within consumer units whose principal breadwinners suffer very substantial unemployment within the year. And practically all the rest of the poverty within the U.S. results from neglect of programmes essential to coping with unemployment and economic growth when properly understood.

The Affluent Society lampooned the nationwide concern about economic growth; and even to-day Galbraith is rather nonchalant about it. Yet, from the beginning of 1953 through mid-1964, the U.S. economy averaged annually only about 60 per cent of the economic growth rate required to use its resources reasonably fully. This has entailed a loss of about 550 billion dollars in total national production (1963 prices) and a loss of about 32 million man-years of employment opportunity during the eleven-and-a-half-year period as a whole, accompanied by a much *lower rate of reduction of poverty* than during earlier periods when reasonably full resource-use was maintained. Even during the 24-month period ending with mid-1964, the economic-growth rate averaged only a little above 4 per cent annually—which was a good deal lower than the rate required to absorb fully the annual increment in technology, productivity, and the labour force which a full employment environment would have called forth (and less than one-half the rate required for at least two years to *restore* reasonably full resource-use).

Even more important than these gross misappraisals of the factual situation, Galbraith has been, in my view, persistently wrong in his analysis of causes and remedies. Indeed, he has hardly attempted any substantial analysis of causes, and his remedies therefore move substantially in the wrong direction. The central cause of the entire range of U.S. domestic difficulties and deficiencies since early 1953 to date has been the recurrent tendency (during the "upturn" periods) of investment—in the plant and equipment which add to productive capabilities, fortified by more than ample profits and other funds available through the saving process—to run far ahead of private consumption and public demand combined. Only when excess plant and idle manpower became extreme did sharp cutbacks in business investment, along with the more enduring deficiencies in private consumption and public demand, bring on the recurrent periods of stagnation or recession. The deficiencies in private consumption have been caused by inadequacies in total personal income after taxes, and more importantly by unsatisfactory income distribution (aggravated by regressive fiscal and monetary policies) which have caused too much saving at the top for investment purposes and net dissaving by the lower third of the population. The deficiencies in public demand have resulted from inadequate tax collections, due to the chronic economic stagnation.

THE REMEDY under these circumstances has been and still is plain—restoration and maintenance of economic equilibrium by much more accent upon policies designed to lift both private and public consumption among the poor and deprived, as well as among middle-income groups —much higher social security benefits—much improved minimum wage legislation—more attention to the fact that wage rate gains, even in the intensive industries, have lagged far behind productivity gains—changes of a progressive rather than a regressive nature in the tax structure—and a more abundant money supply at lower interest rates. Given these ultimate demand factors, private investment will not need special encouragement. Even now, it is racing ahead much too rapidly, relative to the rate of advance in private consumption and public demand.

Moreover, because of the accelerating rate of technological advance and automation in most mass production industries (and an even more rapid rate of productivity advance in agriculture), no feasible stimulation of private and public demand for ultimate products in these areas of output—while urgently desirable to lift

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the living levels of the more than 66 million people who are poor or deprived—can contribute very much to the 22–25 million new jobs required during the next ten years to reduce unemployment to minimum levels, to absorb the growth in the civilian labour force, and to provide new types of jobs for those displaced by the new technology and automation. Thus, the core problem is not primarily to change the structure of the labour force by retraining and education (though these efforts in proper balance are desirable). For all experience in the U.S. (and, generally, elsewhere) has demonstrated that the labour force has adjusted quite well to adequate job opportunity. The core problem, instead, is to change the structure of demand, so that the jobs will be there.

This calls for huge increases in public spending, as distinguished from tax reduction, for housing and urban renewal, improvements in mass transportation, education and health facilities and personnel, and resources development, in addition to the welfare expansions. Here, the unmet needs of the nation for many years ahead will remain far in excess of the technological advance in these particular areas of output. In so far as these efforts are in part directed to improving the incomes and living standards of those (*e.g.*, the old people) who can neither join in employment nor contribute directly to economic growth, allocation to them of a fair share of national income and production is essential to the demand requirements for full employment and optimum economic growth. And that these undertakings must occur primarily at the *Federal* rather than at State and local levels is obvious. Since 1952, State and local debts have increased about 200 per cent, while the Federal debt has increased only 16 per cent. Further, State and local taxes are so regressive that increased reliance on the Federal income tax and maintenance of its progressive features are imperative. It should be added that these particular efforts would not perceptibly change the *ratio* of public to private outlays, but would instead enlarge *both* through sustained equilibrium at full resource use. Galbraith's preoccupation with a *shift* to the public sector is a careless diagnosis.

THUS, when viewed properly in the U.S., the problems of full employment, optimum economic growth, the "war against poverty," and the advancement of frontiers of social justice, are one and inseparable. They all involve precisely the same programmes, psychologically and politically as well as in purely economic terms. And those who do not recognise this have not risen to a mature and comprehensive view of the U.S. problem at large. It took a "foreigner"—Gunnar Myrdal, in his recent *Challenge to Affluence*—to point out that never was there a time anywhere when economic and social and moral problems have been so inextricably interwoven as they now are in the U.S. Measured against all this, Galbraith's distinction between "quantitative" and "qualitative" objectives strikes me as both meaningless and misleading. Houses and schools and hospitals are no less quantitative problems, in their impact upon both employment and living levels, than other phases of economic activity which Galbraith regards as quantitative. An acceptable balance among *all* major types of economic activity depends upon sensible resource allocation, which is an economic problem as to means, and a value problem as to ultimate objectives. The idea that the objectives of full employment and full production do not involve "qualitative values" is a burlesque distortion of the objectives of those who fostered the Employment Act of 1946. The right to work is just as much a "value" as the right to a decent home or medical care. Galbraith's statement that "increasingly the purpose of the economy has become not the goods it produces but the jobs it provides" is rather ambiguous, and exhibits his stubborn failure to recognise that the two aims are both of top priority on social as well as economic grounds. They are indeed inseparable.

In terms of the essentially "distributional" nature of the whole problem in the U.S., Galbraith's policy views are extraordinary indeed. In *The Affluent Society*, he urged "much expanded use of the sales tax," and said that "in the affluent society no useful distinction can be made between luxuries and necessities," and that "argument for equality" can get us nowhere. He urged a "truce" on this issue "because of its comparative lack of social urgency." In connection with his theme that more resources should be directed into the public sector, Galbraith did not advocate more Federal domestic spending; he urged more State and local public spending, financed by more sales taxes. And in a letter to *The Washington Post* (August 3rd, 1960), he advocated policies to inhibit "consumption rather than investment," which is not only faulty diagnosis, but also strangely at variance with his bearish view towards higher output.

Galbraith does not defend the tax reductions of 1962 (administrative) and 1964 (legislative), having an annual value of about 13 billion dollars. But he says that these might well be accepted, *if* we were concerned merely with quantitative progress towards full employment, and not concerned with the "quality of our living." On this, he is entirely wrong. The tax reductions *may* have provided some temporary stimulus to the economy. But their regressive

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composition makes it very likely that they will add to the disequilibrium in the long run (some signs of this are already on hand) and they will certainly not do much to solve the unemployment problem. Nothing is more fallacious than the currently propagandised idea that these tax reductions at least represent "a triumph for Keynesian economics." Lord Keynes, deeply disturbed by the distributive problem, urged more public investment—which is more public *consumption* of ultimate products. This was to redress the imbalances caused by a maldistribution of private income, which resulted periodically in an inadequate propensity to consume and failure of savings to be absorbed fully by private investment. This is a near-perfect description of what has been happening in the American economy. Lord Keynes would turn over in his grave to observe his analysis misused in support of tax bonanzas to corporations and individuals who are already saving more than they can invest (and with reduced Federal spending as a *quid pro quo*). This tax reduction is mainly a response to the selfish clamour for it during a generation or longer, accompanied by the monstrous idea that considerations of equity or social justice no longer matter much.

ONE WORD about inflation. In *The Affluent Society*, Galbraith defended his acceptance of high unemployment and low economic growth as the one way to combat inflation. But the relative price stability during the most recent years, contrasted with the so-called "new inflation" (circa 1955–57), had by mid-1964 punctured Galbraith's thesis and had tended to vindicate my view that the recurrent ups-and-downs of a stagnant economy generate more price inflation in the long run (under an administered price system and collective bargaining) than a more tolerable and stable economic performance.

Galbraith's attempts to disassociate economic and social or equitable considerations in the U.S. are doubly hard to explain, because of his experience in the underdeveloped nations. After all, he was U.S. Ambassador to India. An underdeveloped nation like India, due to the urgency of its capital requirements for building its industrial base, needs temporarily to sacrifice (despite indescribably low levels of living) a part of those distributive and social gains within its current reach if it used its available resources differently. In the United States, the situation is just the reverse. Improved income distribution and accelerated increases in living standards are the only means of inducing the new technology and automation to result in capital formation at high and *sustainable* rates, instead of being translated into idle plant and manpower. In the underdeveloped nations, the contrasts between the "haves" and the "have nots" is a tragedy. In the U.S. the sharpness and the consequences of these contrasts might almost be called a crime.

ALTHOUGH Galbraith is properly critical of "the natural wish of the scholar to avoid rowdiness and controversy" and of economists who "find it tempting to deny what is professionally disadvantageous to concede," I fear that he has not purged himself entirely of these blemishes. His iconoclasms do stir up polite controversy. But he usually stops short of reaching conclusions which might really jar the interests he only playfully tweaks. I am sure that this dereliction on his part is unintentional, for he does not lack courage; nonetheless it has become a habit.

I hope that Galbraith and some other leading U.S. academicians eventually wake up to all this, and advanced some rounded and integrated solutions, instead of riding hobby horses, or, even worse, giving comfort to the exponents of utterly undesirable economic policies.

Waiting for Britain

THE OTHER DAY *The Times* published extracts from an "Open Letter" addressed to the Dutch Foreign Minister Mr. Luns by a number of Dutchmen. They expressed their fear that under the influence of President de Gaulle's policy "the Six" might be brought to create among themselves a political (as distinct from an economic) union which would inevitably have an anti-Anglo-Saxon or anti-Atlantic tendency. My name was among the signatories, and perhaps I can add a brief comment.

The letter was not meant to make Mr. Luns alter his position. It was, on the contrary, intended to lend him moral support in the stand that he has taken for some years as the most consistent supporter among his colleagues of "the Five" (*i.e.*, of the member countries of the European Economic Community minus France), the most vigilant guardian of the "open" character of the Community, the most consistent opponent of de Gaulle's attempts to subject it to his leadership inspired by dreams of French

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grandeur. In February 1961, at a conference of the Six held in Paris, it was the veto of Mr. Luns speaking for the Netherlands which prevented the adoption of a plan for a regular union between the Six for the purposes of international policy—a plan on which de Gaulle had privately reached agreement with Dr. Adenauer. This opposition was not due to any particularist reluctance to share decisions on foreign policy with an assembled Europe. It was inspired by the feeling that the Europe of "the Six" as established by the treaty of Rome (1957) was *not* Europe, that, especially, no European policy could be concerted without the participation of England.

Of course, the problem facing the protagonists of a true European union had in the first instance been created by England's standing aside soon after Winston Churchill (as early as 1947) so eloquently advocated European federation. Great was the relief felt in all the five countries when in July 1961 the British Government applied for membership of the Community. General de Gaulle's slamming the door against England in January 1963 came as a shock to all of the Five. Everywhere the act was felt to go against the stipulations that had been carefully laid down in the treaty of Rome to ensure the "open" character of the association. Yet I believe that in no country were indignation and alarm greater than in Holland.

Meanwhile the Community, the economic advantages of which were making themselves felt more and more, went on strengthening itself in that field. And while in England Mr. Gaitskell pronounced himself in an unexpectedly categorical fashion against renewing any attempt at admission, France made the strength of her position within the existing group spectacularly felt by the success of an ultimatum she issued in December 1963 in the matter of grain prices. My fear was that, going on in this way, strengthening the E.E.C. within the limits of economics, it would become ever more difficult still to effect the inclusion of England.

This is a point on which public opinion in Holland was, and still is, divided. There are many who think that the E.E.C. must on no account retard its development and that further unification in the economic sphere will not interfere with our relations with the Atlantic world, the importance of which they emphatically admit. I am afraid that they are deluding themselves. At times American pronouncements could be interpreted as encouragement of that view. In the "Open Letter" the warning to the Dutch Government is confined to entering into discussion among the Six on political issues. Personally I should be inclined to go a little further.

I HAD IN FACT watched the policy that led to the exclusively continental association with uneasy feelings from the beginning. In 1953 I wrote an article under the title: "Unorthodox Reflections on the 'Little Europe' Policy." I did believe in the desirability of closer links between the European countries. But even then the tendencies towards "supra-national" developments forecast by the actual planning as adumbrated by the treaty (*e.g.*, a European parliament based on direct election) seemed to me to take insufficient account of history. I was afraid that we were tying ourselves up with some of the more unstable European countries, and I believed that undesirable developments could be prevented only if England were brought in. Public opinion was at that time largely swayed by the slogans of "the enthusiasts" for "a united Europe" (was it in fact not rather a Europe split in two?) and by the specialised knowledge of "the experts" who were fascinated by the possibilities of technocratic action. There can be no doubt, I think, that, with the experiences we have had since, my reflections of 1953 are in the main no longer "unorthodox."

The supra-nationalist provisions of the treaty, which contributed to the unwillingness of England, were not to be introduced immediately. By participating, England could have delayed, perhaps attenuated in a more realistic sense, their application. As a matter of fact de Gaulle is now blocking them for his own nationalist purposes; and the parliament by direct election, although it still figures on the programme of the more thorough-going Dutch "Europeans," seems as far off as it was in 1957.

I had not, of course, when I wrote twelve years ago, foreseen de Gaulle's return to power. That his ambitions for a leading role in the association and his desire to stress Europe's independence from the Anglo-Saxon powers have helped to open our eyes is clear. Yet it would be wrong to regard de Gaulle as a purely personal phenomenon. He represents powerful French nationalist traditions, and of these the jealousy of England and the United States forms an integral part.

The Belgian Prime Minister Lefèvre said not long ago that only the presence of England in the European Community could ensure an equilibrium within Europe. This is the view that comes naturally to the historian. He will remember William III, the Stadtholder-King, who defended against Louis XIV's striving after hegemony "the liberties of Europe" (his own phrase). There was also Pitt the younger, who resisted Napoleon's subjection of the continent with the entire power of his country. And need I recall the role played by Winston Churchill in his most glorious years? It has not been for-

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gotten in Holland, even though de Gaulle, whose France also owed its salvation to Churchill's England, prefers not to remember.

I do not, of course, mean to suggest, that de Gaulle, like Louis XIV, Napoleon, and Hitler, is dreaming of conquest and expansion. But his preoccupation with the *grandeur* of France does make him aspire to a continental, anti-Atlantic leadership, and it is on account of what England's presence in the E.E.C. might do to frustrate that ambition that he wants to keep her out.

So these historical reminiscences do have, even in the altered circumstances of the world, their actual significance. The surprising thing is, and it has often pained me, that English public opinion seems largely forgetful in this respect. Of course, insularity has often enough hampered the European policy of English statesmen in the past. But the greatest of them realised—and one would have expected that in the period after the war that attitude of mind would have been more common—that this preservation of the European equilibrium is of vital importance not only to the continental nations threatened with the hegemony of an ambitious power amongst them, but to England herself. I have often thought so in the years behind us, and I am delighted to note that the unqualified rejection, which seemed to govern Labour thinking especially, is now on the wane.

How to overcome the obstruction of France? I do not know the solution, and what is the most oppressive aspect of the situation, nobody does. But one thing is certain: it can be overcome only if England takes up a positive position, that is to say if she realises that she has a European task to fulfil and can neglect it only at her own peril. Otherwise even adversaries of de Gaulle's policy, numerous not only in Holland, but in all the five partners of France, will get discouraged. In the long run, faced by the General's relentless exploitation of the economic influence afforded him by the E.E.C. in its present composition, even they might resign themselves to the "Continental Europe" which they never intended to be the permanent outcome of the Treaty of Rome.

Pieter Geyl

History To-day

Lord Snow, writing in 1958 before he began his career along the corridors of power, remarked that "the steam engine helped to shape the modern world at least as much as Napoleon and Adam Smith, but only rarely do the historians admit the fact." This complaint exposed less the shortcomings of historians than Snow's ignorance of them. It would scarcely be worth recalling had it not been invoked as a sort of revelation of wisdom ("vision" is the word used) by another well-known publicist-scientist, Dr. J. Bronowski, in his book of 1960 written jointly with an American, Dr. Mazlish, on *The Western Intellectual Tradition*. It may serve as the starting-point for a discussion of contemporary thinking about history, made timely by the prospect that we shall soon hear a great deal about the supreme importance of technology.

Historians have indeed, until relatively recently, given too little attention to the development of technology. But the steam engine, at least, has featured prominently in every serious study of modern economic history from Sir John Clapham's *The Railway Age* (1926) to the popular works of Ashton and Ashworth which every schoolboy reads. Considering how much has been written about the 19th-century industrial revolution and the role in it of steam-driven machinery, it is remarkable that men so widely-read as Snow and Bronowski haven't happened upon mention of the steam engine by the historians. Can it be that their judgment has been clouded by the irritant feeling of scientists that they tend to be left out of the picture presented by historians, and by dim schoolboy memories of drum-and-trumpet history as taught half-a-century and more ago?

The accusation carries, too, a more serious assumption: that the way in which the steam engine did help to "shape the modern world" is comparable, in kind, with the ways in which Napoleon or Adam Smith helped to shape it. It requires no advanced sophistication to suspect some confusion of mind here: confusion between technological developments (steam, electricity, the internal combustion engine, nuclear fission) which make available to man fresh resources of physical energy and mechanical power, and the forces of politics and of ideas which affect *uses made* of such resources. Allowing that availability of new sources of power may help to determine even how they get used, there is a basic difference here between means and ends and between two planes of influence and historical importance. Snow and Bronowski, asserting that one mattered "at least as much" as the other, show themselves insensitive to this elementary point which is familiar enough to every historian. The hypothesis of "two cultures" rests, indeed, on many factors.

Yet the very fact that so indefensible a complaint can be brought at all gives reason to pause. It implies that, whatever the reason, there is a gap between history as it is studied, taught, and understood at a professional level, and history as it gets absorbed in schools or

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even by the general reader. Whence comes the gap?

THE EXPLANATION usually given is that historians have become excessively specialised: that they are too prone to duck responsibility for forming broad judgments with the excuse "Not my period"—that they are too narrow and remote in their professional interests to be in effective contact with broader culture. This is the charge brought by Dr. J. H. Plumb in *Crisis in the Humanities*,[1] a veritable anthology of Sunday-newspaper culture. "The whole sickening, deadening process of increasing specialisation within history destroys its value for education in its broadest and best sense." This, again, if it was true twenty years ago, is not true now. Hardly a publisher of repute rests content until his list includes series of volumes on the history of England, or Europe, or the World, or all three, edited and written by academic historians. Most of them, surprisingly enough, eventually do get written and, to judge by sales, are very widely used. Dr. Plumb has himself been a successful practitioner of this art, so it is strange that he, too, should be unaware of the impressive extent to which *vulgarisation* has become a profitable pastime of the intellectuals—and all to the good, too.

The explanation for the gap must, then, be different: that historical study is itself an ever-growing and changing activity. It is a common fallacy that since it is about "the past" it deals with matters "over and done with"—if not safely dead, at least static and finite, subject-matter completed and unalterable, and just waiting to be discovered, described, and narrated. The truth is that the historian's business is not "the past" but the *record* of the past, and this has two important consequences.

First, the materials which the historian studies and works with are only *relics* of the past—whether documents, archaeological finds, buildings, portraits, or merely human memories. The quantity of such relics available for any given theme varies enormously, and the historian's techniques of reconstruction must vary too. Secondly, every record implies a recorder who, being human, has views and prejudices and selective interests of his own. These may well get in the way of a full understanding of the relics, and usually colour the tale eventually told. Both these facts mean that history as a study, far from being about a past that is dead and done with, is so alive, ever-changing and mobile that there tends always to be some gap between the approach adopted in one generation and the approach more natural for the next. The shifts of outlook and emphasis are no mere changes of fashion: they reflect a slow but constant adaptation to a changing view of what history is about, and what its study is for. And among the considerations shaping this changing view, anxiety to comprise the advance of science, technology, and social studies within the historian's scope is pre-eminent.

The scope of history grows by exactly one year each year: and it grows in the other direction, too, as fresh relics of the past are assembled and even unknown civilisations unearthed. It grows, so to speak, vertically as well as horizontally, for there is constant reinterpretation of known materials in the light of current interests, expectations, and ideas. The academic counterpart to keeping-up-with-the-Joneses is always to know the latest news about the Anglo-Saxons, and it is this foible which, perhaps, has misled Dr. Plumb and his collaborators. Fifty years ago there was general agreement that history was about political man—about the State, the growth of its institutions and laws, the citizen and his rights, diplomacy and warfare. Already, by courtesy, incidental attention was paid to economic policies (though little to economic processes) and to culture as represented by literature and architecture (though little by painting or music). Science was mentioned as a part of intellectual history or among biographical references to great men, but was not commonly regarded as an integral and dynamic part of the forces changing society. The horizon, moreover, was limited to Europe, and mainly to Western Europe at that, when it was not restricted to the Channel.

THE URGE since 1945 to explore world history, and to insist in almost Hegelian manner that history cannot be understood save in its totality, went far beyond Arnold Toynbee's *Survey of History*. It has come to affect Faculty syllabuses in universities and even the Advanced Level curriculum in schools. It is already twenty years since I first devised the syllabus on *World Affairs since 1919* for the Cambridge Local Examinations Syndicate.

An almost unnoticed benefit of the enlargement of the whole scope of historical study in schools and universities, as well as for the public at large, has been emancipation from the astonishingly rigid compartmentalisation which has weighed much heavier on historical study than has specialisation. It induced absurdly rigid categories of political, constitutional, military and economic history, as if "history" itself happened in this tidily packaged way. The urge to see history in the round has led to realisation —still greeted with surprise by undergraduates —that all such differentiations are mere devices

[1] Penguin Books (1964), 3s. 6d.

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of convenience and have no objective substance whatever. They correspond exactly to the cartographer's convention of arranging maps with the North at the top in a strictly "topless" world, so that Russia is seen as looming "over" the Middle East or China "over" South-East Asia, their hordes ready to "descend" upon these areas greatly assisted by gravity. To realise that history happens higgledy-piggledy in a distressingly disorderly manner, and that tidiness has to be imposed upon it intellectually by the will and skill of the professional historian, is to open doors into a relatively unexplored world of enlivening study.

There have been encouraging signs, recently, that some of the distortions and deprivations imposed by fashions of thought are at last being rectified by applied common sense. The Tudor period has for so long been written about in terms of rising prices and rising gentry, or of exclusively constitutional and administrative changes, that when Professor A. G. Dickens last year insisted on discussing *The English Reformation* in terms of "the development and spread of Protestantism" he could be regarded as almost daringly original. He demonstrated, too, that religious history need not be synonymous with ecclesiastical history. An enlivening many-sidedness is being restored to the study of English history, though too many examination syllabuses lag far behind this welcome trend.

Rigidities of periodisation have been similarly softened. One has the fullest sympathy with the candidate who wrote that "Up to and including the year 1783 industrial production in England was run on the domestic system...." She was a victim of the shift from political, constitutional, diplomatic and military history, where precise dates are often relevant, to economic, social and intellectual history, where such precision is usually impossible. There has even been a beneficial backlash on studies formerly embedded in dates, bringing greater interest in more latent and long-term processes of change which, even in those fields, defy a dating or a periodisation more exact than decades or generations. Concern for the history of political parties, the prime ministership and even the Cabinet was stultified so long as exact dates for their origins or their stages of growth were expected and demanded.

The sacrosanctity of conventional divisions into "aspects" or "periods" of history has been further demolished by the growing suspicion that the historian's judgment of what is important has often been moulded by the mere chance of what sort of things it was possible to know a lot about—what kinds of relics had most survived intact, or what kinds of relevant and verifiable factual information he could most readily come by. We know a lot about the Church, the manors, Parliament and the central government in the Middle Ages, because there were fairly full and durable records of these organisations. By concentrating on these particular relics, historians fostered an assumption that these themes must be of paramount importance. The changes and shifts of population and the reasons for them, developments in farming or trading or in the everyday lives of ordinary people, were much less fully recorded. Only with highly sophisticated techniques can economic and social historians reconstruct a firm picture of how and why such changes took place. Whether or not they were, in the final "total" picture, more or less significant than the developments of formal institutions about which we happen to have immensely detailed knowledge, is a question that cannot yet be settled.

But elements more subjective than this inevitably play their part in the historian's craft. His simple choice of theme and of period can be revealing. Gibbon's choice of the theme of "decline and fall of the Roman Empire" betrayed not only a temperamental attraction towards tracing "the triumph of barbarism and religion," but also a whole hinterland of assumptions about the nature of civilisation and of the historical process. When Macaulay chose as his theme *The History of England from the Accession of James II* he precast his story into a congenial mould of Whiggish constitutional and political history, wherein "progress" came from sound political institutions, habits and instincts. And much is revealed by the very titles of the classics about the events of the early 17th century. For the Tory Clarendon it was *The Great Rebellion*; for the bellicose Carlyle, it was always "the Civil War"; to the liberal S. R. Gardiner, it was *The Puritan Revolution*. Rebellion, civil war, revolution: it was really all three at once, but each historian selected, almost instinctively, the aspect which most attracted him temperamentally. To the modern Marxist, of course, it is in a special sense a "civil war"—a highly significant episode in the historical class-war in which religious issues had small part. Choice of theme and of slant thus imports into historical study, from the outset, a large element of subjectivity. Hence the concept of relativity in the writing and study of history, discussed so provocatively by E. H. Carr in his Trevelyan Lectures of 1961, *What is History?*

Carr asserts boldly that much of what is commonly taken as a "pattern of events" or as objective realities in the study of history are, in fact, intellectual constructions put there by the historian either unconsciously or as part of his

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techniques for writing historical literature. Such patterns of conditions or events—the notion of the manorial or the feudal "system," of "the Middle Ages" or of "Renaissances," even of "the French Revolution" as one single event rather than a tangle of ill-assorted happenings—all have value: but it is not the value of objective facts, such as battles or treaties or great natural catastrophes. They have the intellectual and aesthetic values of imaginative human constructions (resembling great drama or great novels), aiding us to understand human nature in particularly revealing ways. The truth of history is the truth which has significance for us in particular circumstances, and which helps to explain particular aspects of past changes in the human condition. Such truth is difficult to come by and to assess, for it resembles scientific hypotheses and insights rather than the discovery of "mere facts." There is ample room for differences of interpretation. The study of history is not (as Dr. Plumb suggests) the study of "progress": it is the study of change, as one of the most complex and mysterious processes in human affairs.

THIS CENTRAL CONCERN of historical study has special relevance to the increasing emphasis coming to be placed on "contemporary history." Historical change has immensely accelerated this century, and at the same time the bulk of sources available to the historian has assumed gigantic proportions. The growth of typewritten and duplicated copies, of the printed word in every form (including the daily press), of files and records and archives, threatens to submerge the student of 20th-century history beneath impenetrable pitfalls of paper. The often-heard comment, that to write contemporary history is impossible because you cannot know enough yet, is ridiculous. We know far more about the Battle of Britain than about the Battle of Hastings, and the historian's problem is to evolve new and more ingenious techniques (he hasn't yet succeeded) for handling usefully the vast quantities of material at hand. It may be only if he makes the process of change itself his central criterion of relevance that he can hope to evolve methods that are at all adequate for his task.

The acceleration of change is caused in large part by the effects of technological advances. The increase of speed can even be measured if we return to Lord Snow's steam engine. To develop *The Rocket* from *Puffing Billy*—hardly a major technological break-through—took from 1813 until 1829, a lapse of some sixteen years. To advance from the first *sputnik* in orbit (October 1957) to the first man in space (April 1961) took only three-and-a-half years. The acceleration in the growth of the world's population which has produced the present "population explosion" (63 million extra people each year or 2 each second) is a direct consequence of greater death-control than birth-control, thanks to improved medicine, farming, and transport. Geoffrey Barraclough, attempting to define the time-limits of "contemporary" in his recent *Introduction to Contemporary History*,[2] comes to the conclusion that "Contemporary history begins when the problems which are actual in the world to-day first take visible shape," which he concludes (surprisingly) was in the winter of 1960–61. The beginning of the "space age" in 1961, the nuclear deadlock demonstrated over Cuba, Afro-Asian preponderance in the United Nations, above all the rapid changes of leadership almost simultaneously in the United States, Britain, Western Germany, India, the Papacy and the Soviet Union during the years 1962–63, perhaps indicate a somewhat later date. There is no need to be too precise. The world of the 1960s has a quite different balance of forces, and faces rather different problems of urgency from those of earlier decades.

[2] Watts (1964), 15s.

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It may even be claimed that it is a special function of the contemporary historian to identify the novelties and phases of the changing situation. If the military mind has always shown a propensity to prepare for the last war rather than the next, the accelerated tempo of change may—if not appreciated quickly enough—involve politicians in a similar plight. Professor Barraclough is surely right to identify, as the problems demanding priority now, those implicit in the shift from a European balance of power to an age of world politics. But his analysis of these problems themselves may already be slightly outdated. He emphasises the "division of the world between Russia and America" and the consequent "bipolarity" as "the situation with which we are confronted today." Already more emphasis could be put on his qualification that such bipolarity is not final and that it "may now be passing, its disintegration into a new multi-power system may conceivably be in the offing." China's nuclear potential, coupled with Gaullist separatism in the western alliance, point firmly in that direction. He is equally right to declare that "the resurgence of Asia and Africa has given a quality to contemporary history different from anything that has gone before." Setbacks in African development, schisms within Africa and within Asia suggested by the Indonesian–Malaysian struggle, even breakdown in face of the population explosion, could quickly modify even that apparently water-tight generalisation.

THE CONTEMPORARY HISTORIAN, therefore, not only has to re-define his aims, methods, and principles of interpreting and writing history as a study of the processes of change in the human condition: he has to do so in the midst of a period of the most rapid global changes which mankind has ever known. It is an exciting, exacting task, far removed from the dismal lamentations about neglect of technology or excessive specialisation. Before long, the complaint against him is likely to be that he is too all-embracing, that in taking the whole world as his oyster he has bitten off more than he can chew. The truth is, of course, that he will still be compelled to choose—to choose a manageable area for exploration, to select a congenial and important theme, to sift the kinds of evidence he needs. He needs the help of all other social scientists, whether economists, sociologists, anthropologists or political scientists, though he must choose here too, and refuse to become the slave of any of them. It is by just such alternations of emphasis and interest that the craft of the historian changes—I very nearly said "progresses."

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The Man & the Sage

On Friedenthal's "Goethe" — By MICHAEL HAMBURGER

IT IS DIFFICULT to think of a more refractory subject for a new biography than Goethe. To begin with, no writer's life has been more thoroughly and minutely documented, so that a biographer is confronted with a mass of disparate material far too great to be compressed into a single book intended for the general reader. The problem of selection and emphasis is exacerbated by the nature of Goethe's "life and times." Goethe, notoriously, was "protean," his interests, activities, and literary works were incomparably many-sided, and his times extended from the old order in Europe to the French Revolution, the Napoleonic wars, the post-Napoleonic restoration, and the new revolutions of 1830. As for Goethe's connection with all these successive eras, it is as enigmatic and ambiguous as everything else about him. On the one hand, Goethe was closely in touch with the makers and victims of history, and the *Zeitgeist* is evident enough in a few of his earlier works; on the other hand, he became curiously impervious to current issues, so much so that not only his later works, but his later life, can be seen as a bulwark raised against the violent upheavals of the age. Marxist critics like Professor Hans Mayer are not alone in regretting this development, which they regard as a kind of betrayal of Goethe's early allegiances and as an unfortunate precedent for the "non-political" stance of later German writers.

Goethe was also the first poet to be conscious of the revolution which, for a century or so, elevated imaginative writers, artists, and composers to the status of heroes, sages, and "Representative Men." If he could not foresee the extraordinary process of reinterpretation by which he was turned into a national, cultural, and educational institution after his death, he himself made quite sure that posterity should know more about him than about any writer before him. Yet he was equally careful to keep this public image both enigmatic and ambiguous: the "fragments of his great confession"—shored not so much against his ruins as against the erosive pettymindedness of later generations—were decidedly of his own choosing; and even the unprecedented industry of his biographers and biographically minded critics has not succeeded in establishing many more facts about his love affairs, for instance, than he was prepared to divulge.

GOETHE'S MOST RECENT biographer[1] has overcome most of the special difficulties which his subject poses. He has omitted few of the known facts of Goethe's life compatible with the scale of his book, and his account of Goethe's times is outstandingly well informed. He has no axe of his own to grind, but the very matter-of-factness of his presentation, his reluctance to speculate or even to comment at length, and his refusal to indulge in hero-worship, do amount to a reappraisal of Goethe. Though far from deliberately debunking Goethe as Lytton Strachey debunked the great Victorians, Dr. Friedenthal's study is cool and searching enough to have upset a good many of Goethe's German admirers. The "Olympian" of legend is shown to have been very human in his fear of death, sickness, and disorder; his outward serenity to have been maintained at the cost of callousness towards the sufferings and misfortunes of others. All this is not new. Goethe himself confessed that he had rarely been happy, and that too much of his life had been wasted on activities marginal to his true vocation. His apparent coldness, egoism, and indifference had struck many visitors to Weimar. It is Dr. Friedenthal's treatment of Goethe's works, or the balance between his treatment of Goethe's works and his treatment of the "life and times," that does less than justice to Goethe.

An occasional paraphrase of a line or two of verse and a few summaries of plots are simply not enough to convey the vaguest idea of Goethe's achievement as a writer, far less to trace the subtle interconnections between his works and his life, his works and his times, the multiplicity of his media and the single mind that informed them all. What is more,

[1] *Goethe: His Life and Times.* By RICHARD FRIEDENTHAL. Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 63s.

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some of the English renderings are utterly misleading. The famous lines from *Tasso*,

Und wenn der Mensch in seiner Qual verstummt,
Gab mir ein Gott zu sagen, was ich leide

are one shocking example. The translation, "and when a man is speechless in his pain, there is a God to help him tell his agony" is not only bad blank verse, but bad prose, since it manages to obscure the crucial difference between the "me" of these lines—Tasso—and other men, so that the whole quotation becomes pointless.

A masterly short poem written in Goethe's old age is described as follows:

> To these observations he adds a *Lebenslied*, a song of midnight, the sound of whose bells has accompanied him from childhood to the fullness of his manhood. Musingly he repeats the dark-sounding word "midnight" at the end of each stanza; it is a warning of a last midnight that now draws near.

The poem *Um Mitternacht*—and one must assume that this is the poem in question—contains no such warning. On the contrary, it expresses a far more characteristically Goethean joy in a morphological process that has not only linked his end to his beginning, but blessed his old age with a new freedom and mastery, a lightness and litheness enacted in the colloquial diction, informal syntax, and improvised structure of that very poem:

Um Mitternacht ging ich, nicht eben gerne,
Klein, kleiner Knabe, jenen Kirchhof hin
Zu Vaters Haus, des Pfarrers; Stern am Sterne,
Sie leuchteten doch alle gar zu schön;
Um Mitternacht.

Wenn ich dann ferner in des Lebens Weite,
Zur Liebsten musste, musste, weil sie zog,
Gestirn und Nordschein über mir im Streite,
Ich gehend, kommend Seligkeiten sog;
Um Mitternacht.

Bis dann zuletzt des vollen Mondes Helle
So klar und deutlich mir ins Finstere drang,
Auch der Gedanke willig, sinnig, schnelle
Sich ums Vergangne wie ums Künftige schlang;
Um Mitternacht.

At midnight, far from gladly at that hour,
A small, small boy along the churchyard I
Walked to my father's vicarage; star on star,
O how they shone, too richly lit the sky;
At midnight.

When later I, moved farther though not far,
Must see the loved one, must because she drew me,
Above me stars and northern lights at war,
Going and coming I felt bliss flow through me;
At midnight.

Until at last the full moon made a rift,
So bright, so clear within the dark of me,
And even thought, grown willing, limber, swift
Embraced both past and future easily;
At midnight.

The description, clearly, does not fit the poem; nor does it give the slightest indication of its distinction—of the way, for instance, in which the imagery of light renders a progression that is essential to the whole of Goethe's work, including his scientific and critical writings. A similar kind of progression or *"Steigerung"*—to use Goethe's term—has been discovered even in the very much earlier, and seemingly simple, *Wanderers Nachtlied* beginning "Über allen Gipfeln." Professor E. M. Wilkinson[2] has shown how the images in that song render

> an order of the inner processes of nature as known by the mind, an organic order of the progression in nature, from the inanimate to the animate, from the mineral, through the vegetable, to the animal kingdom, from the hill-tops, to the tree-tops, to the birds, and so at last to man.

It would be grossly unfair to expect Dr. Friedenthal to have engaged in textual analysis of this sort in a book that is not a work of literary criticism, but his misleading description of the late poem brings one up against the limitations of his very medium, the literary biography, as well as against a certain glibness that could have been avoided even in a biography remarkable for its pace, compactness, and readableness. If Goethe is judged more by his life than by his works, he is likely to appear as a dilettante or —as T. S. Eliot at one time saw him—as a man who "dabbled in both philosophy and poetry and made no great success of either." The deplorable wrongness of that view—which T. S. Eliot corrected on a later occasion—makes it imperative for readers of this biography to refer to Goethe's own works and to such critical studies as the excellent essays by Professors Willoughby and Wilkinson. Many of Goethe's works are not easily available in English translation, but his range as a lyrical poet is fully represented in Dr. F. D. Luke's selection in the Penguin Poets series.[3]

THAT VERY RANGE, it is true, can easily puzzle and disturb an unprepared reader; and the sheer quantity of Goethe's published works—not to mention the even larger body of secondary literature that has accumulated around them—is such as to discourage anyone who is not prepared to devote his whole life to their study. Here a knowledge of Goethe's "life

[2] *Goethe: Poet and Thinker*. By E. M. WILKINSON and L. A. WILLOUGHBY. Edward Arnold, 30s.

[3] *Goethe*. Selected Verse. With an Introduction and prose translations by David Luke. Penguin Books, 7s. 6d.

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and times," including the kind of summary of Goethe's activities which Dr. Friedenthal provides, is an indispensable aid. Not only Goethe's personality, but his historical situation too, was full of contradictions. A general awareness of that situation makes it much easier to appreciate the unprecedented character of Goethe's universality.

The Germans regard Goethe as a classical writer, as their classical writer *par excellence*. To his earlier English critics he was a romantic. Since Goethe's works cut through these categories, as they cut through almost any other, it is important to re-define the terms in the light of Goethe's situation. Above all, one must distinguish between a disposition and a mode. It was Schiller who remarked on the "naïvety" of Goethe's genius and on his deep kinship with the ancient Greeks. Yet in another sense no writer can be classical in an age of social and artistic revolutions. Goethe could function as a classical writer in those of his works which he wrote for the diminutive and obsolescent aristocratic society of Weimar—in his entertainments, libretti, occasional public verse, and the like. Those of his works, on the other hand, which are close imitations of ancient models are not classical in that sense, but classicising. They are very modern in their deliberate resort to a norm not given but looked for; and in many ways Goethe's situation is comparable to that of modern poets like Eliot and Ezra Pound, with their carefully selected international canons of exemplary works, later equivalents of Goethe's *Weltliteratur*. One reason for the diversity of Goethe's forms and media is that the models available to him were already so various as to approximate to the modern *musée imaginaire*; they ranged from native folk-song to Renaissance Italy and France, from late medieval Germany to ancient Greece and Rome, and on as far as Persia, India, and China.

The greater the range, the greater the need for a centre, if only for a centre that must remain partly invisible, cryptic, and personal. Hence Goethe's need not only to "dabble" centrifugally in so many things, but to be independent, uncommitted, exclusive. As Dr. Friedenthal writes,

> the minister and *Geheimrat* are roles in Goethe's life, but they are minor roles. Much of his activity was mere bustling about, evasion of more difficult tasks, or relaxing after his creative periods. Much that he did should have been left to others. He had no particular gift for organisation; he was unable even to organise his own household properly. A born ruler, he was at the same time lazy and quick to show impatience. Detail, on which he set so much store, bored him and was left to subordinates. In keeping with his dual nature, however, he would sometimes meddle with extraordinary obduracy in petty details, and till his very last days there are countless documents and memoranda that bear his signature. The essence of the matter is contained once and for all in the letter he wrote to the Duke on his return from Italy: "Accept me as a guest, at your side let me fill to overflowing the measure of my existence. . . ."

Socially, too, Goethe's situation was not as simple as it has been made out to be, for instance by Thomas Mann, who celebrated Goethe as a "representative of the bourgeois era." That bourgeois era—of which Mann was a late representative—had scarcely begun in Germany when Goethe was active. Before Weimar, Goethe was identified with the revolutionary *Sturm und Drang*, a movement less bourgeois than working-class. Despite his own middle-class background, Goethe's affinities always veered between the nobility and the "common people." Weimar society, in fact, was strikingly deficient in an affluent, self-assured bourgeoisie; with the single exception of the enterprising "capitalist" Bertuch, its bourgeoisie was powerless and depressed. Goethe's notorious indifference in later years to political and social issues has a great deal to do with his isolation in an era not yet bourgeois as far as the greater part of Germany was concerned, his growing awareness that he was writing only for a few "kindred spirits," the "happy few" to whom Stendhal also addressed himself.

Much of the edition of his collected works issued from 1787 to 1790 remained unsold for more than a century; and mint copies of the first edition of the *West-Östlicher Divan*—a work essentially unpopular and esoteric—could still be found in bookshops as late as the first World War. By then, of course, the new nationalistic or liberal bourgeoisie had done its utmost to appropriate and digest this elusive poet; but it is important to note that even his immediately popular "bourgeois epic," *Hermann und Dorothea*, is set in a Germany still untouched by the industrial revolution.

As Dr. Friedenthal stresses, Goethe remained a "wanderer" and an exile even when he was rich and famous, no longer living as the favourite and minister of a prince, but more like a prince in his own right. He had devoted enough time and hard work to the administration of a tiny, backward, and ultimately powerless State to have become incapable of attaching a more than symbolic importance to the business of government. Realist though he was in many regards, Goethe was ultimately concerned with the realities of nature, including human nature, rather than with the changing realities of politics and society. He respected these, but looked beyond them, with an increasingly Platonic con-

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centration on essences and universal laws. That is why in literature, too, he could make use of so many conventions, without being wholly contained within any one of them. The playfulness of his old age—seemingly contradicted by the stiff formality that was his defence against intruders—presupposes a seriousness and a commitment to which nothing was wholly trivial, irrelevant, or alien, because everything was related to an immutable centre. Where that relation is not apparent to us, it is the triviality and irrelevance that make us uncomfortable.

WITH NO DOMINANT tradition, no national culture, and no clearly defined public to rely on, Goethe was not only the last "Renaissance" or all-round man, but also the first of the moderns. About the often evasive sage of the late Weimar period, after his escape to Italy and virtual retirement into private life, there is an almost Joycean aura of "silence, exile, and cunning." Goethe knew how much of his later fame was due to the appeal of *Götz von Berlichingen* and *Werther*, works which he had long outgrown, how little to what he had become after his liberation in Italy.

Against that *misunderstanding* he adopted the defence of "egoism"; but before airing our moral indignation we should consider the extent to which Goethe's ego was a vehicle for something other than himself: for nature, or—in terms of Groddeck's psychology—for the "It." Goethe's "dilettantism," his refusal to force himself into a single mould or will himself to produce this or that kind of work, was inseparable from his unique openness, his unique faith in the rightness of nature, his unique readiness "to be lived," as Groddeck puts it, and perpetually transformed. Schiller, the man of theories and ambitions, sensed all this when he remarked on Goethe's rare capacity to reap without having appeared to sow.

Goethe's faith in nature and his sense of being a favoured vehicle of nature were strangely "presumptuous," as he himself admitted, but the completion of *Faust* shortly before his death, and after more than half a century of allowing the work to grow, amply vindicates that presumption. Nor is the presumption as egoistic as it seems. "Who am I?" Goethe asked in his extreme old age.

> What have I created? I have taken and absorbed everything that I have heard and observed. My works have been nourished by thousands of the most diverse natures, fools and wise men, clear heads and dullards. My work is that of a composite being, and it bears the name Goethe.

His lines addressed to "original" people convey the same recognition:

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Vom Vater hab ich die Statur,
Des Lebens ernstes Führen,
Vom Mütterchen die Frohnatur
Und Lust zu fabulieren.
Urahnherr war der Schönsten hold,
Das spukt so hin und wieder;
Urahnfrau liebte Schmuck und Gold,
Das zuckt wohl durch die Glieder.
Sind nun die Elemente nicht
Aus dem Komplex zu trennen,
Was ist denn an dem ganzen Wicht,
Original zu nennen?

My build from Father I inherit,
His neat and serious ways;
Combined with Mother's cheerful spirit,
Her love of telling stories.
Great-grandfather courted the loveliest,
His ghost won't leave me alone;
Great-grandmother liked fine jewels best,
This twitch I've also known.
If then, no mortal chemist can
Divide the components from the whole,
What is there in the entire man
You could call original?

This brings one back not only to Goethe's "pagan" reliance on nature, but also to his modernity. The reference to Groddeck's It becomes less far-fetched in view of the late Goethe's freedom from prejudice in sexual matters—his cheerful allusions to homosexuality, for instance, in the *Venetian Epigrams* and even at the end of the second part of *Faust*, or his candid examination of temporary impotence in the verse diary rightly included in Dr. Luke's selection. Goethe could be anachronistically shameless in such matters because he saw the shameless It at work where his contemporaries saw only the precious, responsible, original ego. This does not mean that Goethe had no use for morality or decorum. He hated unbalance, monomania, and disorder. In his art criticism he went so far as to censure landscape painters who did not maintain a proper balance between images of growth and images of ruin or decay. He rejected the morbid one-sidedness of much Romantic literature and art.

One of his greatest achievements in prose, the late, allegorical *Novelle*, is full of delicate allusions to an unmistakably Goethean sense of propriety. The extreme formality of its manner—eminently civilised and deliberate, unlike the rhapsodic nature-worship of his *Sturm und Drang*—spans all the many strata that must divide human society from animal nature; yet the same distance is also bridged in that story, the 18th-century antinomy of Art and Nature is reconciled, and a wild beast tamed by the music and trustfulness of a child. This late work is a true microcosm of the old writer's mind, rich in experience of the most diverse realities, yet reaching out beyond appearances to a higher,

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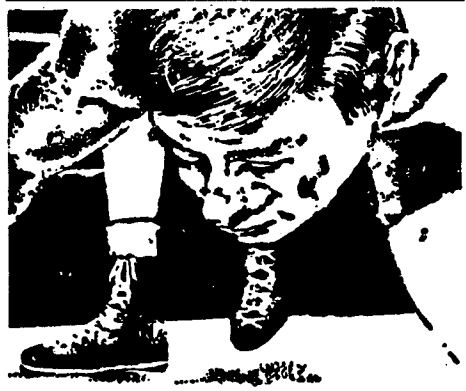

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still unrealised plane of meaning. Nature, to Goethe, extended to the conscious mind; his faith in nature was not an atavistic rejection of intellect or will, but a recognition that even intellect and will are related to nature, and that "the whole man must move at once" if he is to evolve, to be "intensified."

EVEN GOETHE's "reactionary" antagonism to Newton's optics or to the microscope is at least understandable in view of what specialisation has done to the world. Any part that could not be fitted into the whole was apt to be impatiently dismissed by Goethe—morbidly "subjective" talents in the arts as much as atomising, de-humanising trends in the natural sciences. This impatience marks the limits of Goethe's power to absorb and synthesise. That there should have been such limits is no more astonishing than Goethe's personal shortcomings and failures. Every reader of *Faust* knows that error, remorse, and perplexity have their place in Goethe's religion of growth.

Pushkin & Kinbote

Man's life as commentary to abstruse
Unfinished poem. NOTE FOR FURTHER USE.

THAT COMES (lines 939–40) from John Shade's poem *Pale Fire*, and it is just the excuse that its commentator, Kinbote, needs for indulging in divagations disguised as an *apparatus criticus*. "The artistic correlation between the crown-crow-cow series and the Russian *korona-vorona-korova* series is something that would have, I am sure, enraptured my poet. I have seen nothing like it on lexical playfields and the odds against the double coincidence defy computation." This means that the memorable things in life won't submit to the stringencies of the literary forms that are supposed to be life's recorders—at least, not to the scholar or pedant who is also a literary artist. Nabokov, or Kinbote, is repelled by the economy that the novel demands—no room for *curiosa* like the above. He has made the *apparatus criticus* into a new artistic medium—first in *Pale Fire*, now in Volumes Two and Three of his edition of *Eugene Onegin*.[1] If *Lolita* was a love affair with the English language, this new work is a massive act of copulation with scholarship.

Before considering it, I had better ask one question: how much do we think we know about Aleksandr Pushkin? I had better ask another question: how much do we think we know about foreign poetry in general? I don't refer to polyglots—Kuala Lumpur bar-boys or the sons of impresarios—nor to, rather a different thing, graduates in Modern Languages. I refer to *Englit* people, whether professional or not. The specification "foreign poetry" means, of course, poetry in the original tongue, not in "art" translations (like Pope's Homer or Roy Campbell's St. John of the Cross or FitzGerald's Omar Khayyam). We can rightly say that we "know" Proust and Dostoevsky and Mann if we only know them in English, since we have no sense of anyone but the original author (however modified or attenuated), the opacity of the translator's personality being minimal. But a translation of poetry is nearly all translator, and we recognise—however much we think it possible to separate content from style—that that won't really do. And so most of us read Mallarmé and Leopardi in the original, with a crib on the opposite page. We read Dante that way also, and *El Cid* and Lorca—Romance poetry being what our schools have best equipped us to read. We also read Goethe and Hölderlin, even though we had no formal lessons in German. After all, the Teutonic languages are more cognate with English than the Romance. It is when we start to move East that the trouble begins.

The trouble begins because of strange alphabets (they take only an hour to learn, but this is too long for many) and because of the apparent lack of familiar linguistic elements (few people are any good at piercing disguises). Here, it seems, arty translations are in order. Literary men who would scorn to read *L'Après-midi d'un Faune* in Aldous Huxley's translation drink up Arthur Waley, FitzGerald, and whoever has rendered (wasted labour) Evtushenko. One of my few endowments is an ability to read Persian, and I grow angry whenever I think of FitzGerald's falsification—a witty metaphysical tent-maker turned into a post-Darwinian romantic stoic. "Awake! for morning in the bowl of Night..." Omar has the muezzin cock-crowing "*Ishrabu!*" ("Drink!")—frightful blasphemy—and the *bam*, or dome, of the mosque is, in cosmic muscularity, inverted to become a *jam*, or cup, for the sun's wine to be poured into. And, later, Bahram, who was always catching wild asses (*gur*), has himself now been caught by the *gur* (grave).

If we want to read Omar, then, we must learn a little Persian and ask for a good, very literal, crib. And if we want to read Pushkin we must learn some Russian and thank God for Nabokov. If it were at all possible to render *Eugene Onegin* into English poetry, Nabokov would be the only man; but Nabokov himself starts off his

[1] *Eugene Onegin*. By ALEKSANDR PUSHKIN. Translated and with a commentary by Vladimir Nabokov. 4 vols. Routledge, £6 6s.

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Preface with this very impossibility. There are three kinds of translation, he says—the paraphrastic, the lexical, and the literal. The paraphrastic offers "a free version of the original, with omissions and additions prompted by the exigencies of the form, the conventions attributed to the consumer, and the translator's ignorance." In other words, the pretty stuff which makes the reviewer (a wretched hack who doesn't know the original) say: "It reads smoothly." The commercial poetiser, says Nabokov, traduces his author far more than the "schoolboy's boner." None of that, then. The lexical translation—rendering basic meanings and the original order—is a cybernetic job. Only the literal—"rendering, as closely as the associative and syntactical capacities of another language allow, the exact contextual meaning of the original"—is true translation. It is not a substitute for the original, though (as Keats thought Chapman a substitute for Homer); it is the original's complement.

BEFORE READING Nabokov's translation, I thought it might be interesting to take a passage from the original and attempt my own literal rendering. Here is, first, a transliteration of a stanza from that section of the poem in which Tat'yana talks with her nurse. (I don't follow the 1837 text which makes up Nabokov's fourth volume but the Leningrad edition of 1954.)

"Nye spitsya, nyanya: zdyes' tak dushno!
Otkroiy okno, da syad' ko mnye."
—"Chto, Tanya, chto s toboiy?"—"Mnye skuchno,
Pogovorim o starinye."
—"O chom zhe, Tanya! Ya, buivalo,
Khranila v pamyati nye malo
Starinnuikh builyeiy, nyebuilits
Pro zluikh dukhov i pro dyevits;
A nuinche vsyo mnye tyomno, Tanya:
Chto znala, to zabuila. Da,
Prishla khudaya cheryeda!
Zashiblo..."—"Rasskazhi mnye, nyanya,
Pro vashi staruiye goda:
Buila tui vlyublyena togda?"

(The uninstructed reader will see from this how wise the Russians are to cling to their Cyrillic alphabet. Romanisation looks clumsy and is also uneconomical.) Here is my literal translation:

"I can't sleep, nanny: it's so stuffy in here! Open the window and sit by me."—"What is it, Tanya, what's the matter with you?"—"I'm depressed; let's talk about the old days."—"What about, Tanya? Once I kept in my memory no small number (nye malo—*not a little*) *of old stories and fables about wicked spirits and about young girls; but now everything is dark to me, Tanya: What I knew I've forgotten. Yes, the bad times are on us! My memory's gone..."—"Tell me, nanny, about your early days (old years): were you ever in love then?"*

Accurate enough, I think, but quite inelegant. Here comes Nabokov:

"I can't sleep, nurse: 'tis here so stuffy!
Open the window and sit down by me."
"Why, Tanya, what's the matter with you?" "I am dull.
Let's talk about old days."
"Well, what about them, Tanya? Time was, I stored in my memory no dearth
Of ancient haps and never-haps
About dire sprites and about maidens;
but everything to me is dark now, Tanya:
I have forgotten what I knew. Yes, things have come now to a sorry pass!
I'm all befuddled." "Nurse,
tell me about your old times. Were you then in love?"

This is a fair example of Nabokov's technique. He cannot give us both the rhyme-scheme and a literal translation, but he can conjure a ghost of the stanza-form, remind us of the shape of Pushkin on the page and hint at his iambic rhythm. Some of his locutions have a period flavouring ("'tis here so stuffy!"), but the quaint archaism of "ancient haps and never-haps" renders the Russian "*Starinnuikh builyeiy, nyebuilits*" better than my own more "sensible" translation. I don't much care for "I am dull," but "I'm all befuddled" is semantically exact as well as being in character. We have the feeling throughout of a literary experience, and sometimes the word-for-word technique evokes a new poetic *frisson*, as though Russian were fertilising English:

...the cork goes ceilingward,
the flow of comet wine spurts forth,
a bloody roast beef is before him,
and truffles, luxury of youthful years,
the best flower of French cookery,
and a decayless (nyetlyennuiy) *Strasbourg pie*
between a living Limburg cheese
and a golden ananas.

(Would "pineapple" be better there? Try it.)

I asked a question earlier but neglected to answer it, chiefly because the straight negative would have been embarrassing. But perhaps it would be going too far to say that Pushkin means nothing to us. We know *Eugene Onegin* as an opera, just as we know *Ruslan and Lyudmila* (or at least Glinka's Overture) and *Boris Godunov* and, to turn to the prose, *The Queen of Spades*. But we know only the paradigm behind the living richness, the generality of a plot, just as we know Pushkin himself only as a Byron by the Neva, killed untimely in a duel, an anonymous eroded statue of The Romantic Poet. We are neglecting our duty to literature (a hedonistic duty) if we prefer to remain satis-

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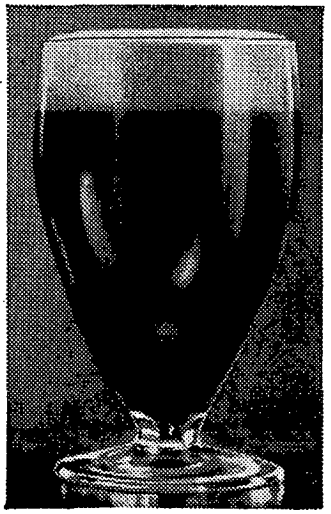

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fied with Tchaikovsky's Onegin (the bored dandy or *frant*), Lenski and Olga and Tat'yana. What appeals to Nabokov, or Kinbote, is the "variety of romantic, satirical, biographical, and bibliographical digressions that lend the poem wonderful depth and colour." In other words, it's the literature that counts:

> Pushkin's composition is first of all and above all a phenomenon of style, and it is from this flowered rim that I have surveyed its sweep of Arcadian country, the serpentine gleam of its imported brooks, the miniature blizzards imprisoned in round crystal, and the many-hued levels of literary parody blending in the melting distance. It is not "a picture of Russian life"; it is at best the picture of a little group of Russians, in the second decade of the last century, crossed with all the more obvious characters of western European romance and placed in a stylised Russia, which would disintegrate at once if the French props were removed and if the French impersonators of English and German writers stopped prompting the Russian-speaking heroes and heroines.

It is a kind of rococo which only *émigré* Russians are really qualified to appreciate, though westerners like ourselves will probably get more out of Pushkin than many of the comrades, even though they know more Russian than we do.

These four volumes (beautifully made, and each one with a bookmark) represent the very perfection of scholarship, though a scholarship that suggests no parallel talent to the one exhibited in the (now one comes to think of it) Pushkinesque novels. The Nabokov we know is very much here. I know of no other work which, ostensibly serving no higher purpose than to ease the way into an unknown piece of great art, itself approaches great art.

Anthony Burgess

The Great Transition

ERNEST GELLNER's new book[1] is a skirmish with the future—the industrial future of *all* mankind. The only *predictive certainty*, as the author puts it, is that in every country men will seek the stresses and the promise of industrialism. Those of us who are in what is sometimes called the "knowledge industry" must come to terms with this. It is a time for abandoning prejudice, cutting out from our thought whatever is static and congealed, developing the flexibility (and the scepticism) that "our times" require. "Our delight," Gellner urges, "is precisely in a world in which nothing is really fixed, and everything open to question. We must make a virtue of contingency." Where previous social thinkers took refuge in stable myths, our privilege is to become attuned to "transition"—especially the Great Transition into industrial society. Philosophers have sought a stable refuge from reality (especially in the spurious warmth of "ordinary" language or the intimations of tradition). They should instead be producing a theory of knowledge for the modern "science of society" and a genuine, yet always "contingent," ethical critique.

PROFESSOR GELLNER's short book raises but does not exhaust these themes—though it may exhaust some readers with the weight of its polemic and its esoteric, elliptical, yet curiously mordant style. Some critics might feel that Gellner is obsessed with transition and that, despite an occasional disclaimer, nothing else much matters. This would be to put matters too strongly—even though Gellner believes that both philosophy *and* sociology are "about industrialism." (I would certainly be less dogmatic than Gellner in tracing the *origins* of sociology to the early turmoil of industrial society.) One can see why Gellner feels that the leap into modernity should be specially beckoning to the philosopher. It poses in a new form some perennial philosophical issues. Firstly, the role of "knowledge." The industrial transformation everywhere makes use of "explicit and highly abstract knowledge"; it is science-based, and the social sciences can interpret the outcome. Secondly, assuming that "philosophy is orientation, in a chaos or a vacuum," the philosopher should assist in determining for man-in-transition those "collective and individual self-images" commonly found in reasonably stable social orders. Thirdly, the transition must be the subject of realistic moral appraisal—and the source for "such premisses of our moral judgment as are available to us."

Before reaching this point Gellner passes under review a number of "classical" social theories and diverse ideas of progress. Some of these stress a "one-stage" transition—out of darkness into light in one easy movement. For Gellner the "stories" behind "social contract" theories or the "liberation-through-reason" notion of the Enlightenment are logically defective and empirically false. So they are dismissed from the scene. Gellner's stereotypes of these doctrines may border on caricature (especially in his brief treatment of the Enlightenment) but it may well be caricature in a splendid cause. Of greater interest is a second theory of progress—the 19th-century search for an evolutionary pattern.

[1] *Thought and Change*. By ERNEST GELLNER. Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 30s.

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These theories, too, blend history (either recorded or imagined) with a dubious logic. They describe a process of endogenous growth, but they fail, inevitably, to explain it. For no discourse about the past, however elevated and appealing to 19th-century Europeans, can explain individual *occurrences*, or *shifts* within the process. Furthermore it is open to familiar moral objections: it encourages band-waggoners and "appeasers" of the cosmos. And—very important for Gellner's argument—its present relevance is remarkably small. *Today's* shifts and transitions —especially within the developing countries— are not the fruits of "inner destiny": they are the "consequence of an external impact." Gellner ends his historical review with an original if compressed attempt to explain the "secret of Hegel"—though I confess that, as the phrase goes, the secret is remarkably well maintained. The historicism with which Hegel is often charged is given a rather subtle turn: we are asked not to accept it but to admire it as a parable, useful in its day, for "seeing the world as unitary and progressing."

True to his concern with "industrialism," Gellner gives a modern twist to the old problem of "political obligation":

> A social order has rightful claims upon the loyalty of the members of the society under two conditions:
> (a) It is bringing about, or successfully maintaining, an industrial affluent society;
> (b) Those in authority are co-cultural with the rest of the society.

Who will deny that the fruits of industrialism are worth having—or that this pro-industrial sentiment is found among both developed and developing societies? We all know that poverty, disease, and squalor can be reduced once we have a modern industrial economy. But the hymn to the affluent society is just a note too loud; and the equation of industrialism with affluence may in fact be too *simpliste* and complacent. True, Gellner concedes that there are flaws in the industrial crystal. But like a good rationalist he believes—and he *may* be right—that these flaws can be removed. I share his contempt for the jeremiahs who see nothing in advanced society apart from alienation, *anomie*, and despair. (Those American sociologists—including the neo-Marxists—who are promoting the cult of the "New Sociology" will think Gellner a dreadful reactionary: someone who is celebrating the *incipient* status quo.) There is, alas, no guarantee that the development of industrial society, as it faces racial tension, automation, and population growth, will inevitably bring about comfortable or comforting affluence. One should at least envisage the possibility of social chaos—localised or global. Just as it is sociologically inept to dismiss industrialism on aesthetic or romantic grounds, so it would be politically wise to tone down pure praise.

My doubts are strengthened by one of Gellner's own arguments. In Chapter IV he gives a lucid, sympathetic account of Utilitarianism—defending it, characteristically, against the "negligible" criticisms made of it by other philosophers. He sees that the utilitarian model assumes that our aims and satisfactions are "hard data." But, as he says, our ends are "dependent and manipulable" and cannot therefore yield "determinate ethical answers." This has always been the case: but *today* "the situation of technological power which enables us so easily to satisfy the needs which really are 'given' by nature, also enables us to manipulate our own experience, to form ourselves, so that we enjoy or abhor these or those additional boons."

Now it is true that if we are rational we will manipulate our experience towards creative, life-enhancing, harmonious ends. But the situation is, in fact, so open that we can have no guarantee of this—and it might be wise to examine the other side of the industrial coin. It might even be foolish to place excessive reliance upon the wisdom of sociologists, or to reject older forms of wisdom. I share Gellner's belief that the sociologists *may* clarify the grounds of rational action—and help to make possible a *viable* affluence. Whether Gellner is right or not in placing the birth of sociology in the industrial revolution, sociology is "in" now. But no one can tell just what we shall be discovering: and even if we have the right answer, we can't be sure that governments and peoples will want to "buy" it. In other words, the extra-rational factor, with all its perils, deserves more serious attention, if only as insurance. It could well be that Gellner may in time revile the sociologists for having betrayed his trust—and drub them as ferociously as he now drubs the philosophers.

Gellner's rejection of Oxford philosophy shows, it must be said, the pain of one who has learned all the tricks and then found the game a bore. Or rather, he discovered he was playing at the wrong table. He clearly prefers the sociological arena: the clowns there may be less educated and less agile, but their movements are less parochial, more down-to-earth. But why did Gellner think it necessary to go over once again the ground he covered so recently in *Words and Things*? There is a risk in this. The repeated (often flippant) critique can become counter-productive. The curious reader should compare Gellner's distaste for Oxford philosophy with his gentle, non-strident treatment of Sir Karl Popper's views on historicism.

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In a smooth, even-tempered, Oxonian way, he suggests that Popper is in fact attacking an "ideal type of logically clear-minded and consistent evolutionist who may well be rather rare." He goes on to urge us all (including Sir Karl) to entertain a juster appreciation of the historicist ethic "as actually experienced by those who accept it."

Professional philosophers, anyway, come out very badly in this book—especially when compared with C. P. Snow. For Gellner gives one signal hostage to fortune. He describes the famous lecture on *The Two Cultures* as "one of the most important philosophical essays to appear since the war." It is, of course, unfair to take this remark out of its context. Is Gellner joking? If he is serious he cannot have explored all that is involved (especially the political implications) in the original Snow thesis. Lionel Trilling, for example, has observed that *The Two Cultures*, for all its realism, "denies the actualities of the world," especially politics: "It can be said of *The Two Cultures* that it communicates the strongest possible wish that we should forget about politics." Trilling also suggests that if we accept this implication (*i.e.* "that politics does not exist at all"), then politics—including international politics—"cannot be the object of moral judgment." I feel that this *is* a fair inference from Snow's position but I would not expect such a restriction on moral judgment to appeal much to Gellner: indeed, it runs counter to the whole message of his book. I fear that Gellner's deference to the *scientistic* element in Snow's ideas may have deflected him from its *political* conclusions.

MUCH OF Gellner's own philosophical argument centres on the vexed issue of the relation between facts and values. Here, I agree, is a matter on which philosophers of every school "first raise a dust and then complain they cannot see." The central point is this: *moral conclusions cannot rest upon solely factual premises*—there is always a moral element in the premises themselves. This, in rather different words, was David Hume's position—and it is incontestable. Confronted by it, many thinkers have tied themselves (and their readers) into ridiculous knots. They have either tried to subvert it—a task that is beyond their powers; or they have built a gap between "facts" and "values," thrown a rope across it, and danced back and forth. Gellner will have none of these acrobatics:

> Thought *cannot* be normative (except in a circular manner) and thought *must* be normative (because there is no neutral vantage point). This is precisely how things stand. . . . So indeed there is no neutrality: there is no one who can really claim to have a neutral, above-the-battle standpoint, *observing, recording* but not evaluating—for his evaluation is already implicit in the concepts, the language, in terms of which he observes and records.

I can quite believe that in the more obscure conventicles this may be news—indeed, upsetting news; and Gellner's public line to Oxford is made to bear the full, somewhat repetitive weight of the message. I confess that personally I don't find it particularly novel, and his polemics with his "linguistic" opponents may have led Gellner into unintentionally exaggerating the novelty. Much the same sort of point was made heavy-handedly and with great inner turmoil by Max Weber, and again by Gunnar Myrdal in his reflections both on economics and sociology. These writers (and many others) have scored the perils of positivism. They were reacting not only against "fact-value" dichotomies, but also against mechanical attempts to model social sciences on the image (often a distorted one) of natural science. There is an interesting difference in the slant Gellner gives to the argument, however. One would have welcomed some discussion of the current impact of positivism on the social sciences. But, rather surprisingly, there is not a word on this. For to Gellner—as to many others today—the scientist is a major culture-hero. He somehow leaves the impression that the scientist is really the only useful kind of modern intellectual. It is clear that for him Oakeshott, Ryle, Wittgenstein (with their "mincing affectations," "donnish artificiality," and so on) are almost beyond contempt. For in Gellner's eyes they are collaborators with the powers of darkness. In his hierarchy of worth they have a pretty lowly place—just above, one feels, the more talented of lab-boys.

The most interesting cultural part of the book, in fact, is its indictment of the humanities—an often acute assessment of the decline in their verve and significance. I agree that in Britain the prestige—and fruits—of science have been oddly underrated. Many Arts men are blind to "society," and by their own pedantry and self-doubt they have done their bit to subvert the humanities. They have been more successful in this than any attack from without could be. Many of the obscurantists in our Arts faculties deserve little sympathy for their impending fate. But I do not believe that Gellner's diagnosis is sufficiently charitable or sympathetic.

Nor is it self-evidently correct for the social scientist to enrol himself so squarely in the ranks of the opposition. It could be argued, and perhaps Gellner would agree, that the social sciences, poised agreeably between the arts and the sciences, are in a position to help the

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humanities; indeed, not to help would be a distressing *trahison des clercs*. One of the difficulties is that most social scientists (unlike Gellner himself) are unaware of the problem—just as many Arts people do not want to be "helped." It is a pity that Gellner did not apply his critical acumen in this direction. It may be that he was repelled by the emotion that masters his logic. For he sets the amateurish, often trivial, backward-looking humanist in the same sights in which he has placed the Oxford philosopher. They are all, for Gellner, something of a piece—and the contempt he feels for the one spills over on to the other. Only the historian (especially, one supposes, the historian of industrialisation) escapes direct abuse. The turn taken by the argument is a consequence of the *odium philosophicum* with which this book, like *Words and Things*, is thoroughly saturated.

Julius Gould

Early Dickens

THIS VOLUME of critical interpretations, covering the first seven novels, is the first of two. When the project is completed, Marcus' *Dickens* will yield nothing to Forster's *Dickens* in point of bulk and sheer quantity of words. Whether it will prove as essential to an understanding of the "English prose Shakespeare" as Forster remains to be seen. By itself Volume One has much to recommend it as an immensely informed, patient, and scrupulous critical analysis and paraphrase. But Marcus does not succeed equally well with all seven works and one closes the book with an impression of distinct unevenness as well as with some reservations about the viability of the interpretative method and the quality of the language—unincisive, copious, occasionally even pompous—in which the exposition is couched.

Broadly speaking, the author tries to triangulate, to weave into a pattern, three important concerns. First, there is a concern for the evolution of Dickens' art from book to book. Next, there is an interest in the connection between Dickens' personal history (especially those painful episodes of the boy Dickens' virtual abandonment to the streets of London and to the odious work of pasting labels on bottles at Warren's Blacking Warehouse while his feckless parents reclined in a debtor's prison), and the imaginative content and order of his books. Third, there is a concern with the illumination and diagnosis of an actual society that each novel makes and documents. Obviously, such a triangulation is possible. Motifs like those of the Prodigal Parent (*Nicholas Nickleby*) and the sudden collapse of great expectations; Dickens' preoccupation with disordered relations between parents and children (*Barnaby Rudge*, *Dombey and Son*); his obsessive interest in the figure of the lost child (*Oliver Twist* and *passim*) are rooted in his own experience. They are elaborated and complicated in the narrative and fantasy of the novels, and are finally impossible to separate from one's picture and one's judgment of an actual society, hard, dynamic and acquisitive, in which a poor child was by definition a suffering and mistreated child, and the price of prodigality from the middle class downwards was a quick escorted trip to the Marshalsea.

Nevertheless, the traumatic-genetic approach, so to speak, can be overdone, and as Mr. Marcus in his discussion of book after book draws us back again and again to the miserable blacking warehouse, as though to an open wound, we begin to suspect that the author has fallen into a trap, possibly set by Dickens himself, of sentimentalising the ties of a great writer to his own early past. It is worth pointing out that Dickens was twelve, not two, when the bailiffs blew the whistle on old John Dickens, that these experiences of being down-and-out in early nineteenth-century London handed Dickens for life a powerful torch of hard insight with which to penetrate the murk of Victorian pharisaism and self-complacency, that there was a certain amount of snobbery—*le vice anglais*—intermingled with the shame he felt as an adult over remembrance of things past. We are now familiar with the fact that Dickens in many personal dealings and as a husband and father was notably hyper-aggressive and domineering, even by Victorian standards. Can we be sure that the main function of Warren's was not to supply him with a private alibi and cover story, and to assuage guilt for his mistreatment of his dull little wife Catherine and his authoritarian behaviour towards his numerous children? He had indeed suffered; and so if it became necessary for him to separate from his wife or to dispatch a young son to Australia with a letter of Christian advice composed throughout in the accents of Pecksniff, then people would just have to put up with it. I don't really believe that Dickens was such a humbug; yet neither was he the wounded surgeon of Mr. Marcus' amateurish psychologising. No doubt, like his nineteenth-century peers, Dostoevsky and Balzac, he was something much more complicated, rich, and shifty.

The two finest chapters in the book are those

Dickens: From Pickwick to Dombey. By STEVEN MARCUS. Chatto & Windus, 35s.

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on *Oliver Twist* and *Martin Chuzzlewit*. In the former Marcus connects the novel's lack of solid specifications of place and setting, its abstract, proto-surreal qualities and "the violently static, exemplary quality" of its major scenes to a vision of Malthusian blackness where all men stand separated from one another and to Dickens' "profound and disturbed involvement with the emotions and culture of puritanism." If this sounds complicated it is perfectly coherent in the exposition and illustrates Marcus' strongest talent as a critic: his ability to associate major aspects of Dickensian technique—here the heavy use of chiaroscuro and of two-dimensionality—with large patterns of cultural and social implication.

Thus he not only restores *Chuzzlewit* to the canon of great English novels for the marvellous inventiveness of its language and humour and for the extraordinary resourcefulness of its dramatisation of the varieties of selfishness, but also demonstrates its reach and authority as an investigation of certain directions in which the modern self and modern society were moving (and, unfortunately, continue to move). Marcus is not the first, although he is the most effective critic, to maintain that the American chapters are aesthetically germane to the book as a whole. Not only does the self-inflating language of General Choke and other remarkable sons of liberty represent Pecksniffery run wild, but the case made against the fantasy of pastoral innocence in both countries is the same. At the heart of English nature lurks Jonas Chuzzlewit who murders in a wood, lurks Pecksniff as leading Wiltshire villager, fake gardener, and would-be sylvan seducer of his rich cousin's ward. At the end of young Martin's trek West lies the *ur*-swamp of New Eden, an anti-paradise with a hundred water-moccasins to every malaria-ridden American Adam, the miasmal reality beneath all the gaseous language of publicity, advertising, patriotism, and self.

Dickens' developing anti-pastoralism after *The Old Curiosity Shop* (1840–41), wherein Nell and her obnoxious grandfather in seeking to lie down in green pastures end up stumbling among graves, his increasing tendency to turn to the maze-like and morally enigmatic city as the sufficient scene of his characters' destinies, is one binding theme of the whole book. Others are the vicissitudes of the self in society, and Dickens' use of personal and familial relationships to express problems of order in society at large. Although Marcus maintains reasonably enough that it is not until the late novels that Dickens becomes fascinated with fateful linkages between

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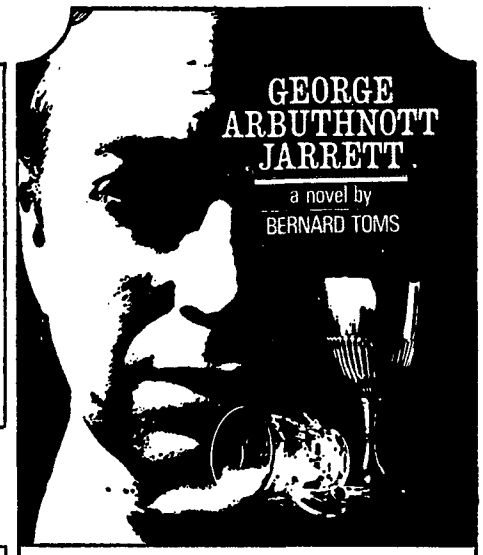

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social and personal disorders, his analysis of a neglected early novel, *Barnaby Rudge*, shows how disturbances in the relations of several sets of fathers and sons point to the large issues of public authority and order raised by the Gordon Riots.

Like all serious critics before him Marcus enters that quagmire of a book, *Pickwick Papers*, and sinks out of sight after the usual painful heaving and gesticulating. This time we are asked to believe in "the marvellous intelligence of Sam Weller" and in something called "transcendence" which turns out to be sentimental talk in the mode of moral ponderousness employing toothless substantives like "vision," "ideal possibilities," "community," "fulfilment," "awareness," "humanity," one right after the other. Yes Victoria, there is a Father Christmas.

Less easy to understand and overlook, considering the immense amount of difficult terrain Mr. Marcus has still to traverse in dealing with the later novels, is the dulling down of his critical acumen in the final long chapter on *Dombey and Son*. There we are told on the one hand that the prose of *Dombey* "is consistently hard, compact and unsparing," which it is not; on the other, that the ten pages describing Carker's flight from Dijon to England are "stunning" when they are merely showy and incoherent. The chapter is full of received ideas (the railroad as symbol of social transformation, change as a principle conditioning all experience, etc.), underlinings of the obvious ("The course of Paul's life is marked by a series of losses," etc.), unnecessary paraphrasing, and loose manipulation of symbolic counters and ironic contrasts. We are given diaphanous, undergraduate lecturer's culture chat: "it is universally acknowledged that the idea of growth or development is one of the chief conceptions of the present epoch;" and a certain amount of idle speculation: for instance to the effect that Major Bagstock is sexually impotent and eats his highly spiced East Indian curries for reasons which will not bear looking into. If there is a genuine principle of form articulating *Dombey's* curious intertwining of rank, runny sentiment with hard and speculative social and psychological analysis, Mr. Marcus has not found it. His account begs nearly all the interesting questions which need to be raised about this flawed masterpiece.

A final point on an aspect of Marcus' prose style. The following is a fair sample of a manner all too frequent:

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To relieve this extreme deliberateness and restraint Dickens makes use of a device which he is master of. I refer to the set piece.... They [set pieces] are organised in a style which it is possible to call poetic....

Although personally this kind of writing makes me want to emulate Trabb's Boy, who crowed like a demented fowl and lashed himself with a blue bag when he met Pip on the village street in *Great Expectations*, I shall restrain myself and merely suggest that there is a probity in exposition that is perfectly indistinguishable from stodginess. As Mr. Marcus travels on into the far denser and problematic verbal territory of late Dickens one imagines he would do well to slip the Victorian wrappings off his own language and discover the many advantages to a serious critic adventuring among masterpieces of obliquity, curtness, wit, a flavour of personality, and a smart pace.

Julian Moynahan

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Cover design by **Colin Banks** and **John Miles.**

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EAST & WEST

The Return of József Lengyel

THE MOST CURIOUS FEATURE of the intellectual thaw in Hungary is the emergence of old and respectable writers as good and exciting writers. The case of the near-septuagenarian Communist, József Lengyel, is the most dramatic of all. Two of his long short-stories, published some eighteen months ago in the Budapest monthly *Uj Irás*, earned him the reputation of "a Hungarian Alexander Solzhenitsyn"; and his recently published collection of short stories revealed him as a fermenting spirit in his country's cultural development.

The title of that bulky volume, *Overdue Debt*,[1] is justified on more than one account. Lengyel had, for more than forty years, been a great promise of Hungarian literature, a promise so intense, buoyant, and unfulfilled as to make his friends and well-wishers despair. I happened to be one of them ever since my early youth when I first met him in rather chaotic circumstances. Under the short-lived Hungarian Soviet Republic of 1919, in one of the confiscated ducal palaces, a "Course for Agitators" was organised to instruct some grammar-school boys who had been hand-picked as "progressives." Lengyel was one of the lecturers; I was one of the pupils. He struck us as a likeable and irreverent *enragé*. He would interrupt diatribes against the bourgeoisie to discuss the merits of free verse or to poke fun at a prominent Commissar whose folksy style offered itself as an easy target. We knew he belonged to the inner circle of top Communists though he had never been given an important post. He was known to be hot-headed —in a row with the anti-Communists in the journalists' club, he once pulled a revolver out of his pocket: this episode was much talked about in Budapest at that time, though in rather a light-hearted way since no shot was fired.

Some ten years later, in his recollections of that era written in exile, *Visegrádi utca*[2]—a rather naïve and slipshod but disarmingly truthful little book—he threw some light on his strange position in 1919 and also, unwittingly, on the nature of his difficulties with his comrades throughout his life, He thought it right, for instance, to pay tribute to the honesty of the two leading anti-Communist writers who had been his opponents and who (in the subsequent White era) continued to uphold their liberal views. As far as I know, Lengyel was never reproached by Communists for this gesture that smacked of "bourgeois objectivism"; but surely one is not astonished to learn that a man with such passion for fairness was looked upon with suspicion under Stalin? He has always been a revolutionary too sincere in his beliefs either to abandon or to reconcile himself to the weapons he is committed to use.

DURING THE FIRST World War, he made his appearance in literature as an *avant garde* poet, Hungary's *avant garde* was led by the author Lajos Kassák, who, though a passionate socialist and anti-militarist himself, encouraged his followers to concentrate on artistic problems. A small group of political *ultras* contradicted and ultimately left him. They urged that inflammatory poetry, even though in hackneyed rhymes, was "more important" than experiments in modern forms. This group included young József Révai (known some thirty years later as the "Hungarian Zhdanov"); it also included young József Lengyel. Their ideological guidance was provided by a comradely "Engineers' Group." They printed and distributed illegal leaflets in the barracks, and discussed the essence of existence in their spare time. "Look here," the most eloquent theoretician of the Engineers once told Lengyel, pointing to a power boat which just had its radiator drained, "this is *you*, in the process of diabolism.... And do you see these cracks on this cup? Qualitatively these are the same as the grooves on our brains, referred to as 'memory" by you...." The Group read Mach and Freud and William James most industriously—"we had no Lenin, alas," Lengyel noted—and they later were disappointed to learn that they had been worshipping the wrong gods.

In the early 'twenties I met Lengyel frequently in Vienna and witnessed his ideological crisis—the only one, I suppose, in his life. Lengyel, though never professing to believe in God, was inclined to believe in the teachings of the New Testament. His poetry at the time was a mixture of Leninist, Christian, and Expressionist influences. "*Spit me out Jesus, I am tepid*" was a line I remember because it was so touchingly

[1] Elévült tartozás (Szépirodalmi Könyvkiadó, Budapest, 1964, 638 pp.)—a literally more accurate translation would be "Obsolete" or (as referred to in an official publication, *Books from Hungary*) "Superannuated Debt".

[2] Named after the street where the Hungarian Communist movement started. First published in Berlin, 1929; republished in Moscow in 1932, and recently in Budapest (Szépirodalmi Könyvkiadó, 1962).

Paul Ignotus, the distinguished Hungarian writer, has been living in London since 1956. He is the author of the autobiographical Political Prisoner (*Routledge, 1959*).

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characteristic as a human document, and so poor as poetry. His favourite author was Dostoevsky (but he dissented of course from his general views). Lengyel decided to abandon politics altogether. However, his hesitation about Communism did not last long. "One cannot live in this world without being troubled by politics," he said. "Why not consider Social Democracy?" I argued. He shook his head in disagreement. "No, no, if politics at all, it must be *yea yea* for the Revolution, and this can only be Communism." In the early 'thirties I heard he had turned up in Moscow as the editor of the Hungarian Communist journal for a while. Then I lost track of him.

IN THE SUMMER of 1948 in Budapest, I had a long interview with József Révai, by then one of the four or five leading *apparatchiki* in the country. We talked about the sparse links that had existed between his Muscovites and my pink circle of writers in Budapest, "Incidentally," I said, "we used to have a mutual friend, József Lengyel—is he still alive?"

"Oh yes," Révai smiled. "Working in a Moscow library."

"Why hasn't he returned?"

"Well, you know, he has not really lived up to expectations as a poet."

"Well, if all unfulfilled poets were to emigrate...."

"You're right, of course. But he, somehow, cannot face the promises of his youth in this country. This, at least, is my impression. I have asked him again and again to come home, at least for a visit. But he always finds some excuse to put it off..."

At that time (as I found out later) Lengyel was living in a restricted area as a night guard in a *kolkhoz*, and had sent one letter after another to his old colleague in Budapest, asking him to help him come home. He never received a word in reply from Révai. He had, however, by then weathered the worst part of his captivity. In 1937 he had been arrested; and what he survived and witnessed was revealed only much later, mainly through his writings in which he did, at long last, "live up to expectations."

He was allowed to return in 1955, shortly before Khrushchev's famous Twentieth Congress. He had by then spent 35 years outside his native land; 18 years had been in one or another sort of confinement. In 1956, after my own release from imprisonment, I often saw him again, as I had done in Vienna. He had his Russian wife with him, a former fellow-exile from Siberia. He had, of course, mellowed, but was fundamentally unchanged. In his writings the expressionist streak had faded—mainly perhaps because he no longer wrote lyrical poetry—and a liking for factuality became apparent; but his evangelical Leninism had survived. At one meeting he spoke out on behalf of the old *avant garde* leader Kassák who had often been denigrated as a "renegade" by the Communists, silenced under Stalin's rule, and even at that moment not yet fully readmitted to the literary scene. Lengyel acclaimed him as the great protagonist of Hungarian working-class literature. "You used to be an opponent of his, weren't you?" I asked Lengyel. "Yes," he answered sternly, "but that's not the point."

In the spring of 1957 he addressed an Open Letter to me in a Budapest journal. He reproached me for escaping the country after the Budapest revolt had been crushed:

> "Why did you do it? From whom did you run away?.... You remember how we met, in the summer of 1956 in Visegrád at the Writers' Home. I was just finishing a book, you just about to start one. The fact that we met as we did proved that the injustices were being remedied."

He had in mind his release and my own; his feelings could be guessed when some weeks later Tibor Déry and Gyula Háy were arrested. He never wrote a word against them or, for that matter, against anyone persecuted at that time. But he was firmly convinced that the Kádár Government must be supported and that "the injustices" would again, sooner or later, be "remedied."

SURELY, AS FAR AS the easing of the totalitarian controls over literature was concerned, he has proved to be right. In June 1962, *Uj Irás* published his short story, *Angry Little Old Gentleman*, which contained the description of a political prison and the extortion of fake confessions in the Russia of the late 'thirties. It was a double-shock to read it: both for the attitude it expressed and for its literary merits. In its first three or four short paragraphs, without yet a hint at the political surprises which were to follow, a new writer introduced himself, the one Lengyel had so tried to become—a storyteller whose style was still reminiscent of the Viennese *feuilletonists* but with a deeper burden of seriousness; an Egon Erwin Kisch steeped in Gogol and Dostoevsky. The "angry little old gentleman" was a professor of physics, a bachelor who lived with his sister, a pious old spinster, and constantly grumbled to her about her pet cats. The moot point between them was the existence of God, but the professor charitably brushed the problem aside: "This is outside my sphere of competence." He was no more concerned with politics than with religion though as a scientist he felt dialectical materialism "made sense." One night he was arrested, imprisoned, and then tortured to death.

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Solzhenitsyn's famous novel, *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*, had not yet been published; but even if it had, Lengyel's would have been a landmark in the literary history of the Communist world. It was no longer a matter of "past mistakes" belittled whilst admitted; what was involved was tragedy and horror as unqualified as a recollection of Auschwitz. How could Lengyel have witnessed all this with his faith still unshaken? His weapon was the refusal to understand.

> It was not like St. Bartholomew's Night, for here it was not one denomination persecuted by another, not a religion or a political party, but all kinds of people, criminal as well as innocent.... There were also some who had themselves dragged the innocent along a few days before. But being innocent was not in itself a reason for being imprisoned, nor did the actual deed committed really account for the imprisonment of those who had done something. Many things were incomprehensible at that time....

Here is one of his characters—the Professor talking to an engineer in the prison cell:

> "...but what is it all about? Why?"
> "This is the thing, Professor, which I don't understand either. I asked politically minded people, old Party members.... They either admit they don't understand it or just keep silent. But the silent ones don't understand it either. They are just being cautious. A sailor said yesterday that one should let Comrade Stalin know, because what's going on here is an attack on Communism."
> "It's impossible that no one should understand it."
> "There may be some who do, but only in so far as they know senseless things to be senseless...."

The Professor confesses to having said, perhaps, that some political question was "outside his sphere of competence." As he is unable to confess to anything more interesting than that, he is beaten again and again, and then disappears. Was he denounced by somebody? Not even this is clear. Yet the story is concluded with a statement which, on theological grounds, may well be taken for a happy ending: after the Twentieth Congress, the Professor was "rehabilitated" and later a university was named after him.

Lengyel's second (and longest) short story dealing with this sort of subject, *From Beginning to End*, was even more clearly autobiographical. It is more devastating about Communist practices and, at the same time, more articulate as a declaration of Communist faith. It is presented as part of the memoirs of "Nekeresdi György": George Don't-Ask-Who. The central subject is bread—a Christian and a Marxist symbol. "In the beginning," in the Hungarian village of his childhood Nekeresdi says, there was "bread and piety" (the simple, honest folk) and "bread and greed" (the profiteers). The twenty years that followed his childhood now appear to him as the period when he wrote "about bread-winning—the breadless—our daily bread...." In a word, he felt himself as a true Communist writer. When he saw the war with Hitler's Germany approaching, his main desire was to fight the Nazis; but when the war broke out he had already been imprisoned for some time in Russia.

> We, behind the barbed wire, were not supposed to know of the war raging outside. Of course, we knew, and, even more, we felt it. For in the green cabbage soup in the morning there was always less cabbage to be found, and there was no dinner at mid-day, and the potato soup in the evening smelt like mud and hardly ever contained any potatoes...

Long years in the Soviet labour camp were to follow, and they were "the struggle for bread" continued by other means. Once a boy was caught stealing bread—

> He is dragged along on the floor, and I see four fingers on his right hand are missing. Now I recognise him: one of the self-maimers. There are many who have thus managed to get into the invalids' camp. Both his maimed and his unharmed hands are clamped on to a piece of bread, and his mouth is moving: he is still chewing the bread while being hit and kicked. A gnome-like man, a carpenter, now treads on his mouth with his heavy boots. Another man tramples on his back. The boy doesn't do anything to protect himself, nor does he wail. He just chews the bread, soaked in blood and mucus, until the last bit is trodden out of his mouth....

After his release from the labour camp, Nekeresdi spends a fortnight lying about in the waiting room of a Siberian railway station; he finally finds a place in a carriage of released gangsters. Others were less lucky. Starved, forlorn, roofless, they wondered how to get themselves imprisoned again; few succeeded. The country, as Nekeresdi saw it (mainly the *kolkhozi* where he was allowed to work as a night-guard against thieves) was one huge lament over hunger, squalor, and banditry. At the end, we have, again, a declaration of faith in solemn *staccato* that is very much Lengyel's:

> I had to confess. I had to tell you the story of long days and rapidly passing years, with today's bread eaten yesterday, with tomorrow's eaten today.
> I had to give a true account of this overdue debt which thus now can be written off for good ... since the truth and the party have again been united in one body.
> May there be bread for everybody!
> These are my words of farewell to you, who produce and create. I pledge my humbleness to you.

This was published in January 1963, shortly after *Ivan Denisovich*. But it went, I think, deeper; it gave a broader fresco of horrors than

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the Russian novel focused on "one day"; and its impact on Hungarians was, accordingly, profound. The number of the periodical that published it was sold out at once. The establishment seemed to hesitate whether to take credit for this unprecedented degree of liberality—or to stop it. The problem became whether a true believer could go so far in criticising Communism in action. One attack on Lengyel was mainly on the grounds of a very curious "nationalist mystique": no one can judge events in a country where he "lacks roots", and therefore Lengyel was not qualified to describe Soviet life—even if he *had* seen it.[3] The most eloquent defence of Lengyel, on the other hand, came from an old Communist theoretician (and a former leader of the "Engineers' Group" that had planned subversive propaganda in the years of World War I), Gyula Hevesi who, in the weekly, *Élet és Irodalom*, February 16th, 1963, declared that József Lengyel, as well as Alexander Solzhenitsyn, should be regarded as a "bricklayer" of socialism, because he only did what was "not only his right but his internationalist duty...."

This polemic coincided with a "crack-down" on liberalising writers in the Soviet Union; it was all the more remarkable that the Hungarian Government tacitly endorsed Hevesi's view by awarding Lengyel a literary "Kossuth Prize." The two stories themselves, however, were tactfully suppressed for a while; their publication in a separate volume was withheld, and copyright kept inaccessible to translators and publishers abroad.

THE PUBLICATION now of *Overdue Debt*, with the two stories in it, breaks down at last the barriers between Lengyel and his audience. The volume contains some splendid pieces, irrespective of politics: *Hóhem and Freier*, for instance, is a perfect snapshot of prison life, describing the way the professional underworld man ("Hóhem" in the slang) robs his victim, the amateur prisoner, the "Freier." Not unnaturally, however, Lengyel's most impressive writings are, in one way or another, connected with his own prison experiences and with his basic optimism which he managed to salvage. *Sárga Pipacsok* ("Yellow Poppies"), the saddest of all, perhaps, recalling a Siberian annihilation camp turned later into a "recuperation centre," conveys a sense of tragedy but no scepticism.

Reference to the difficulties he encounters today are different in character though no less outspoken. In a fictitious letter to an old comrade, in his story *Öregek gondjai* ("Old Men's Worries"), he recalls the time when as a young conspirator, without money for a square meal in his pocket, he was "scientific enough" to allow for great differences in income even in the initial stages of Communism.

> Now, however, with my head turned grey I must ask the question again: how should a Communist live? Were we right in our youth when we agreed not to overplay "equality"? Or am I right now when I have my own car but I feel "equality" is the right thing?....

I must confess that I have never come across anyone so critical of Communism and, at the same time, so dedicated to it as József Lengyel. "A Rubashov type?" a friend asked. He is, if anything, the opposite. I do not think it has ever entered his mind to give up "honour" for "reason" whenever he felt he had to yield to the distasteful political realities. Communism for him is a moral postulate; and it is a matter of "honour"—rather than of "reason"—not to lose hope in the self-correcting abilities of a machinery which he watches without self-deception. It is a *credo quia absurdum*, not ignoble nor uninspiring, perhaps even realistic. After all, he did finally get his book published and over a long tragic lifetime fulfilled a promise.

Paul Ignotus

[3] In an article by Máté Zala, in the Budapest daily, *Magyar Nemzet* (February 17th, 1963), *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* is compared with Lengyel's work *From Beginning to End*:

"In order to tell the truth about the results of Personality Cult, is personal experience and a writer's gift to describe what he witnessed really enough? Would not something more—something unique to people whose lives and thoughts are rooted in the soil of their country where all these things happened—be the criteria of telling the truth? I have to question the competence of an outsider to explain the Personality Cult with its involved components, its causes, its long spell, without really understanding all the historical events and the entire sociological structure and the mysteries of the national soul all playing their part in what happened in Russia. Without understanding all this—without being integrated in the soil which had reared those people—how could somebody account for those years and offer an explanation? I believe the proper answer was given by Togliatti who felt that 'the final truth about the Stalin problem can only be told from within the Soviet Union.'...

"Nekeresdi, the hero of *From Beginning to End*, encounters Communists; as a matter of fact, he, too, is one. However, the crowd teeming around him consists merely of depraved characters who had already shed all traces of human dignity. There is nothing left but bloody squabbles for the meagre ration of daily bread, and beyond that only the dreary prison tasks: potato-peeling, kitchen duty, tree-felling. When he finally regains his freedom, there is only *another kind of camp* outside. He meets fellow inmates, craving to exchange the hell of this 'outside camp' for the other one, the 'camp proper', where there is at least bread. Lengyel mirrors fragments, but [unlike Solzhenitsyn's novel] these might be mistaken for the entire picture...."

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LETTERS

"Pollsters"

H. J. EYSENCK's unease about the recent performance of the British polls is very reminiscent of the criticisms which were heard in the U.S.A. after the 1948 election. Persistent discrepancies in the reports of competing polling agencies, presumably measuring the same thing, certainly do not inspire confidence. I cannot believe, however, on the basis of American experience that improvement in the polls is likely to come about in the way Professor Eysenck suggests.

It is scarcely reasonable to abuse the pollsters because they do not behave like academicians. The polling organisations are primarily private businesses, devoted to operating a profitable enterprise. For most of them, the pre-election polls which appear in the newspapers are a small part of their total business and, indeed, may be "loss leaders," valuable for their publicity value but not paying their full costs. To ask the polling agencies to underwrite research which might interest social scientists out of some sense of obligation to these disciplines is asking them to play a role which is quite out of character. The pollsters have made contributions to research methods in both Britain and the United States but this is not their natural *métier* and they are not comfortable with it.

The standards the pollsters use in their data-gathering and reporting are largely determined by their market. As long as a business continues to satisfy its customers it is not under great pressure to change. This does not mean, of course, that the polling agencies all use inferior standards. Some of the private polling organisations in the U.S.A. are as demanding in their methodologies as the best governmental or university research groups. I am told the same is true in Britain. These agencies cater to a sophisticated market which is willing to pay a higher price for more dependable data. Most of the polling agencies compete at a lower price for customers who are not so fussy about methods. The polling reports which appear in the newspapers are deliberately written at the level of "exaggerated simplicity," to use Professor Eysenck's term, in the hope that they will attract a larger market of consumers. In this respect the pollsters are simply conforming to the prevailing values of journalistic practice.

THERE HAVE BEEN repeated discussions in this country regarding a statement of standards for the polling industry. Academic people interested in survey research have urged the kind of self-imposed rules of conduct which characterise the learned professions. The polling agencies have firmly resisted this proposal and nothing has come of it. There was even a Congressional investigation of the polls after the 1944 election which resulted in a clean bill of health for Dr. Gallup and his competitors. The election four years later demonstrated how superficial this investigation actually was!

Despite the absence of any formal statement of standards or any governing Institute of the kind Professor Eysenck suggests, there is no doubt that the quality of polling in the United States has improved over the last 15 years. This is due to the gradual development of better survey techniques, to the presence of high-quality survey organisations in the universities and federal government, and to the increasing sophistication of the customers with whom the polling organisations do business. Perhaps this improvement would have come more rapidly had there been some kind of Institute of Standards; there is considerable doubt in my mind if such an externally imposed control would have been effective.

The question of whether the "public image of social science" is being damaged by the newspaper polls does not impress me as a very serious issue. There is very little evidence of what the public knows about social science, but we can safely assume that it does not know much. We need not be overly sensitive to the confusions which this state of public ignorance will inevitably produce. As our disciplines develop a convincing record of achievement we can expect a greater public awareness of social science and an increasing ability to discriminate it from less rigorous forms of observation. It is certainly important that we build a favourable public image of the social sciences, but we are more likely to accomplish this by making our research readily recognisable as *different* from the polls than by trying to induce the pollsters to behave like scientists.

ANGUS CAMPBELL

Director,
Survey Research Centre,
The University of Michigan

Oxford Reformed

IT WAS a pity that Colin Clark's informative article was marred by the unnecessary references to car Ph.D.'s and the Harvard Business School. Some mention of M.I.T., "Omega minus," or American scholarship on 19th Century English Literature, might have more contemporary relevance.

As for the quest for a higher degree in the Arts, perhaps some original creativity could supplant the often parasitical activities of interpretation and criticism.

What was truly remarkable in this piece was the total unawareness of the missed opportunities during the centuries of exclusiveness. Oxbridge should surely have helped to set the pace and pattern of educational development—linking the past with the present. The sad thought often occurs, particularly in this age of technology, that if the older universities had not been so long levering themselves into the 20th century some of the controversy surrounding the "two cultures" might never have been necessary.

DENNIS F. W. HAWES

Librarian,
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Smoking

MY ATTENTION has been drawn to letters in your January number from Professor Sir Robert Platt and Professor H. J. Eysenck on the subject of lung cancer and smoking.

Professor Eysenck quotes a single sentence (p. 47) from my Pelican book *Cancer* and states: "I am all the more pleased, therefore, to find that Dr. Harris completely agrees with what I had said myself in the ENCOUNTER article."

I do not agree. Indeed, on the same page I state "... one fact which it [the hereditary predisposition theory] cannot accommodate is that of the sudden increase in lung cancer over the last few years." And further (pp. 118, 119): "There can be no doubt, therefore, that cigarette smoking is a 'cause'—as one normally uses that word—of lung cancer in men."

Professor Eysenck is not aware that his lung cancer-personality relationship has been carefully examined. The Report of the Advisory Committee to the Surgeon General of the (U.S.A.) Public Health Service "Smoking and Health" devotes pp. 190–193, and Chapters 14 and 15 to a consideration of the constitutional, and physical, characteristics of smokers and non-smokers.

We can all agree that there are factors—possibly genetic, possibly acquired in early life—which predispose to cigarette smoking *and* cigarette smoking by direct action of the smoke on the bronchial epithelium is the major factor in causing lung cancer. There are, I am sure, other minor factors such as air pollution and lung damage, but the contribution of cigarette smoking is such that if cigarettes were banned the number of lung cancer deaths of males in Great Britain would ultimately fall by 90 per cent, saving some 12,000 premature deaths a year on the current figures.

We, in cancer research, are trying to find the missing link in experimental verification. We hope that Professor Eysenck will press forward with his studies on personality and smoking because these must be the prerequisites for the success of the "anti-smoking" campaigns and clinics which are so badly needed.

R. J. C. HARRIS

Imperial Cancer Research Fund, London

Arguing with Kingsley Martin

MUST NOT Mr. Kingsley Martin be the only editor in the world who for decades managed to conceal effectively from his readers his political opinions on some of the most important issues of the day? Could it be that he even succeeded during his editorship in creating the impression that his views were precisely opposite to the ones he really held? From his reminiscences on John Maynard Keynes [ENCOUNTER, February], we now learn that he "became outspoken" in his criticism of Stalin at the time of the great purges and "a complete Churchillian" (albeit with many misgivings) after Hitler invaded Austria.

It would take too long to describe the *New Statesman*'s attitude towards Stalin, before, during, and after the purges. But its attitude towards the Moscow Trials can be taken as a fair indication of it. Here is what the *New Statesman*'s editorial of February 6th, 1937, said about the accused:

> "Few would now maintain that all or any of them were completely innocent, though there may be many doubts both about the details of the charges, and as to the motives or the precise degree of complicity of one or another in this tangled web of treason, assassination and sabotage."

And what about the *New Statesman*'s resistance to Hitler when Kingsley Martin became "a complete Churchillian"? He says that he "made the proposal that Labour should accept Mr. Churchill as leader, with all that it involved in rearmament, and perhaps conscription." Why then did the *New Statesman* propagate all this time ideas so vastly divergent from Churchill's? Why did it in fact oppose British rearmament at the time when Churchill was desperately calling for it? Here is a specimen of Kingsley Martin's characteristic type of reflection, on the subject of the air force preparations, written as late as August 27th, 1938, just before Munich (only two years before the Battle of Britain):

> "It is said that human beings will 'get used' to anything and, I suppose, if it were not for the thought of what aeroplanes implied, we might even get used to the appalling racket of air manoeuvres. However that may be, there are parts of England now where for days together the noise overhead obliterates all rest of body and peace of mind. There is one minute compensation to be recorded. The new aerodromes I have seen are not like army camps, hideous scars on the landscape, cinder paths, wooden huts and barbed wire. On the contrary, the houses and sheds, the towers and surrounding amenities are well planned and the architecture admirable. The only thing lacking would seem to be a tastefully designed cemetery...."

No doubt, a "Churchillian" balance between rural aesthetics and political danger. While Churchill angrily and unambiguously denounced Chamberlain's policy, the *New Statesman* was wavering between its "anti-fascist" verbal declarations and a resistance to practical resistance to the dictators. When Hitler put pressure on Czechoslovakia the editorial in the same August 27th, 1938, issue declared:

> "The strategical value of the Bohemian frontier should not be made the occasion of a world war. We should not guarantee the *status quo*.... Mobilisation could almost certainly lead to general war. Nothing we or anyone else could do would save Czechoslovakia from destruction, it would be a question of counter-attack on Germany."

Well, to contemplate a threat of a counter-attack on Germany? Perish the thought! Yet when this kind of attitude found its practical political imple-

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mentation in Munich, the *New Statesman* had neither the courage to face the consequences of its convictions, nor the conviction to face the consequences of its lack of courage. Its editorial of September 24th, 1938 condemned the destruction of Czechoslovakia in Munich, but in the same issue Mr. Martin expressed the timely thought that "there is now a real danger of war hysteria (in Britain) arising from outraged pride," not perhaps a great danger in the era of appeasement. Shortly afterwards, on October 15th, 1938, he gave his considered judgment in an article, "Stock-taking":

> "British people must face the unpleasant fact that they are no longer in a position to insist on their ideas of justice and democracy in Europe or the Far East, or even for that matter to protect their own interests."

Very "Churchillian"?

The *New Statesman*'s not exactly disapproving attitude towards the Stalin–Hitler Pact has recently been recorded in ENCOUNTER ("1939: A Backward Glance," December 1964). When the war began, the *New Statesman*'s editorial (September 9th, 1939) opened with the following ("Churchillian"?) sentence:

> "To have begun the war by dropping leaflets instead of bombs on the towns of Germany is a right and imaginative stroke of good augury for the future."

At that time the *Luftwaffe* was dropping bombs, not leaflets, on Poland. The "imaginative stroke" was only an augury for what became known as "the phoney war." The growing realisation that it would spell defeat in fact brought Churchill to power.

To crown it all, the *New Statesman* welcomed the Hitler–Stalin initiative to bring the war to an end after their joint partition of Poland. Its editorial of October 7th, 1939, "Our Reply to Hitler," declared:

> "It would be most unwise to reject outright an expected offer to discuss peace which has not yet been received, and whose nature is still unknown."

It strongly endorsed Lloyd George's plea for a secret session of Parliament "after a peace offer has been received."

The G. B. Shaw article, rather inadequately summarised by Mr. Martin, was printed in the next issue of the *New Statesman* (October 14th, 1939). Shaw was more than forthright. Among other things he said that it is necessary

> "to recognise the ability with which he [Hitler] has undone our wicked work, and the debt the German nation owes him for it. Our business now is to make peace with him and with all the world instead of making more mischief and ruining our people."

The fact, disclosed by Mr. Edward Hyams in his official history of the *New Statesman*, that Kingsley Martin was astounded at the violence of Lord Keynes' reaction to it is in itself a telling comment on Mr. Martin's un-Churchillian disposition.

John Maynard Keynes might have been an early appeaser before, but at least he, when the chips were down, rejected the *demi-vierge* attitude of the *New Statesman* wanting to discuss peace with Hitler—after he started the war and had emasculated (with Stalin) its first victim. It was this "wet and wobbly" position, combined with sanctimonious "anti-fascist" rhetoric and a tortuous if not callous soft-headedness, which made George Orwell often lose his temper; he once characterised the *New Statesman* as having "the mentality of a whore." It also made John Maynard Keynes write his famous letter giving "Three Cheers for Colonel Blimp and the Old School Tie."

Lord Keynes would probably be as surprised today as we are when we read that the proposed appeasement to which he was now objecting was sponsored by an editor who was in reality "a complete Churchillian."

LEOPOLD LABEDZ

London

"Love"

I RECENTLY SAID, in an essay on *Magazines* in a Pelican, that it was time the intellectual pretensions of our "higher" journalism were questioned, and that such a paper as ENCOUNTER did not represent touch with "the best that was known and thought." I'm very glad I did, for Ian Hamilton's review of my *Quest for Love* [ENCOUNTER, March] pathetically confirms this. It pays no attention to the argument of my book, but simply offers a fashionable and prejudiced defence of the "successful" world of Amis and the rest, against a concern for positives. If people like Professor Wilfrid Mellers, Professor D. W. Harding and Raymond Williams consider my book valuable, surely there's something lacking when all the Haymarket can offer is a *de haut en bas* gesture of depreciatory scorn?

P.S. I'd never have believed it possible for anyone who can read to so misread the *Franklyn's Tale*.

DAVID HOLBROOK

King's College,
Cambridge

Economics

ANDREW SHONFIELD'S statement [ENCOUNTER, December] that the Labour Party's way of doing business "should in the end produce more wealth more consistently than the Tories have succeeded in doing" is quite staggering for its lack of supporting evidence or theory. The main criticism of a policy of free enterprise is not that it is inefficient in *creating* wealth, but that it is inefficient in *distributing* wealth.

M. UPTON

University of Ibadan,
Nigeria

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Life & Letters Today

London

"By some fluke, *the title of my new novel seems to have passed into circulation during the time the book itself was being written," says Sir Charles Snow.*

As soon as he had squiggled "Corridors of Power—Chapter I" in his first exercise book, the title "kept swimming in print before my eyes about twice a week and four times on Sundays, and has, in fact, turned into a cliché," says Sir Charles. "I console myself with the reflection that, if a man hasn't the right to his own cliché, who has?" SUNDAY TELEGRAPH

Peking

Yang Hsien-chen, *a leading member of the central committee of the Chinese Communist Party and principal of its higher Party School, today came under sharp attack for his opposition to the current dialectical thinking of Mao Tse-tung, the party chairman.*

An article in Red Flag, *the party theoretical journal, accused him of intentionally meeting the needs of modern revisionists and supporting the bourgeois outlook towards China.*

The attack brought to a head the debate which has been raging for several weeks in the Chinese press on the dialectical point of whether "a whole divides into two" or "two combine into a whole." Yang Hsien-chen is accused of propagating the latter idea in opposition to the former one, which Mao Tse-tung and other Chinese leaders use as a dialectical basis for their internal and international policies. THE TIMES

Havana

In an interview *with our correspondent, Fidel Castro said: "When I was a student I used to read Hemingway. I remember in* For Whom the Bell Tolls *I read about the man with a single rifle who holds off 20 men. I knew then that there was great importance in irregular warfare. . . ."* NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE

New York

"What *does any writer need with a literary agent?" the writer was arguing. "Shakespeare didn't have an agent."*

"Yeah," said the literary agent. "And what do his heirs get each time his plays are performed?"

Poor Shakespeare. He never knew the thrill of selling first North American serial rights. Never a book-club sale. Never a big score with the movies or TV. "Let every eye negotiate for itself, and trust no agent."—Much Ado About Nothing.

But if Shakespeare were around now, and he had a smart, tough agent, he'd be wallowing in subsidiary rights.

The agent would peddle first serial rights to "Hamlet" to Esquire ("We'll get the same deal Mailer got—a big advance and a tie-in with a paperback publisher")... "O world! world! world! thus is the poor agent despised."—Troilus and Cressida. N.Y. HERALD TRIBUNE

Madrid

Several *thousand students assembled today in the Plaza de la Cibeles, in central Madrid, in defiance of a police warning that any demonstration was unauthorised and would be dispersed. A force of police was in readiness, of a size rarely, if ever, mustered before to deal with a students' demonstration here.*

All the central streets of the city were littered with torn newspapers. As groups of students walked along the Gran Via on their way to the Plaza de la Cibeles they tore up thousands of newspapers and tossed them in the air. The biggest "tear-up" occurred as they passed the Spanish Press Association building. Several of the students told me that the reason for creating this litter was to show their contempt for what they described as the distorted way in which the Spanish press had reported recent student incidents. THE TIMES

London

I put aside *my notebook, and Marlene Dietrich began to talk more freely—about books, discussing* The Plague, *by Camus. . . .*

Suddenly she asked: "Do you know Paustovsky?" She described how wonderful people had been to her when she was in Russia recently, and how, when she arrived, she told someone how much she admired the writing of the great Paustovsky, not knowing whether he was in favour or not. She was told that Paustovsky was in hospital, seriously ill after a heart attack.

Some days later, as she was receiving the acclaim of the audience after a performance, and as people were coming up the steps of the stage to congratulate her, as is the custom in Russia, she noticed a magnificent old man coming up. "Who is this man?" she asked her interpreter quickly. "It is Paustovsky," the interpreter answered. "But he is seriously ill in hospital," Miss Dietrich said. "It is Paustovsky," the interpreter insisted.

Feeling greatly moved, and sad that she could not express her feelings and admiration directly to Paustovsky in Russian, Miss Dietrich, scarcely thinking, went down on her knees before the great writer, the old man, in front of the stage curtain and in full view of the audience. Paustovsky stood above her looking down, knowing that it was right.

Miss Dietrich told him how much she had admired his story, The Telegram. *Paustovsky said: "If I had not written* The Telegram *yet, I would write it now for you." And he added: "I will write a story for you." One can understand Paustovsky's feelings.* THE OBSERVER

London

The Indexer *of Jean Decarreaux' book,* Monks and Civilisation, *deserves a word of congratulation for the delicious entry* "Devil, the, see Temptations." THE TIMES

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Mihajlo Mihajlov

WE HAVE received with surprise and dismay the news from Belgrade of the arrest and imprisonment of Mihajlo Mihajlov, the author and university teacher. A great many intellectuals in this country have been heartened by the progressive democratisation of public life in Yugoslavia over the past few years. There had been a widespread feeling that the Yugoslav intelligentsia was once again being permitted to make, and was making, an important contribution of its own to European culture. It would be unfortunate if this renewed intellectual vitality were once again to be paralysed in a narrow strait-jacket of ideology.

We believe the Yugoslav government not to be unresponsive to the feelings of intellectuals in other countries. We would like to join with writers in Europe and the United States in asking the Yugoslav government to reconsider its illiberal action, to release Mihajlo Mihajlov from jail, and allow him to return to his university and literary work.

A. ALVAREZ
W. H. AUDEN
A. J. AYER
MAX BELOFF
ALASTAIR BUCHAN
BRIAN CROZIER
JOHN GRIGG
JOHN GROSS
PETER HALL
MICHAEL HAMBURGER
HAMISH HAMILTON
IAIN HAMILTON
ANTHONY HARTLEY
JULIAN HUXLEY
BRIAN INGLIS
JOHN LEHMANN
JOHN MANDER
JOHN OSBORNE
WILLIAM PLOMER
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DICK TAVERNE, M.P.
HUGH THOMAS
C. V. WEDGWOOD
REBECCA WEST
ANGUS WILSON
WOODROW WYATT, M.P.
MICHAEL YOUNG

"Death in Dallas"

YOU WRITE, commenting on Mr. Mark Lane's critique of D. W. Brogan's article "Death in Dallas" [ENCOUNTER, December 1964], that "even the smallest of details are important." So they are, and it is precisely these that Mr. Lane—intentionally? carelessly?—persists in ignoring. He repeats, for example, the story that the murdered Patrolman Tippit was acquainted with Jack Ruby. Professor Brogan mentioned in passing (p. 25, footnote 4) that there was a natural element of "confusion" over the fact that the Dallas Police had *two* Tippits on its staff. The Warren Commission's report went even further. On p. 663 of its *Report* it states (referring to Mark Lane's charges):

> *Speculation.*—Patrolman J. D. Tippit, Bernard Weissman, and Jack Ruby met by prearrangement on November 14, 1963, at the Carousel Club.
>
> *Commission finding.*—Investigation has revealed no evidence to support this assertion. Nor is there credible evidence that any of the three men knew each other....
>
> ...Ruby was acquainted with another Dallas policeman named Tippit, but this was G. M. Tippit of the special services bureau of the department, not the Tippit who was killed.

JEAN-PIERRE CALAS

Paris

"Herzog"

"A FINAL word about the name..." Tony Tanner writes in his good piece on Saul Bellow [ENCOUNTER, February].

Final word, indeed!

For while Tanner quite ingeniously accounts for the possible French namesake, he has completely ignored the Irish Herzog—black sheep? skeleton in the closet? How else explain the omission of Joyce's *Ulysses*—

> "...Moses Herzog, of 13 Saint Kevin's parade, Wood quay ward, merchant, hereinafter called the vendor...."

To paraphrase the mountain climber: "There are other Moses Herzogs in the lives of men."

MARVIN SCHILLER

New York City

IN his article on Saul Bellow (in your February issue), Mr. Tony Tanner surmises that the name of the hero of Mr. Bellow's latest novel is taken from Maurice Herzog, the mountain climber. But didn't Bellow name his hero for Moses Herzog, minor character and jewmerchant of *Ulysses*? He appears on the first page of the appalling twelfth (the Cyclops) chapter:

> ...by the name of Moses Herzog over there near Heytesbury street.
>
> —— Circumcised! says Joe.
>
> —— Ay, says I. A bit off the top....

I suspect Mr. Bellow thus takes a bow at Mr. Joyce, from whom he learned not a little of his narrative technique, and whose kind of discontent he tries to draw to some conclusion.

DAVID A. ROUNDS

Cannondale, Conn., U.S.A.

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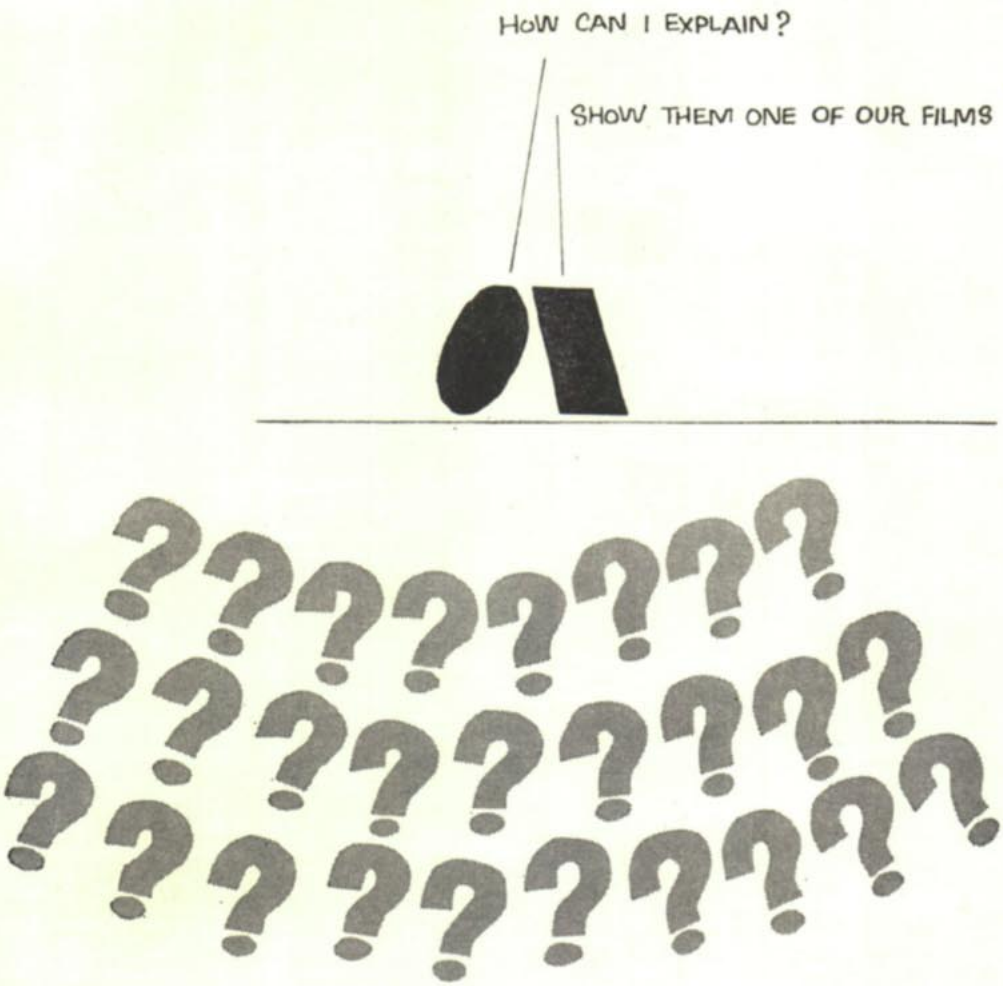

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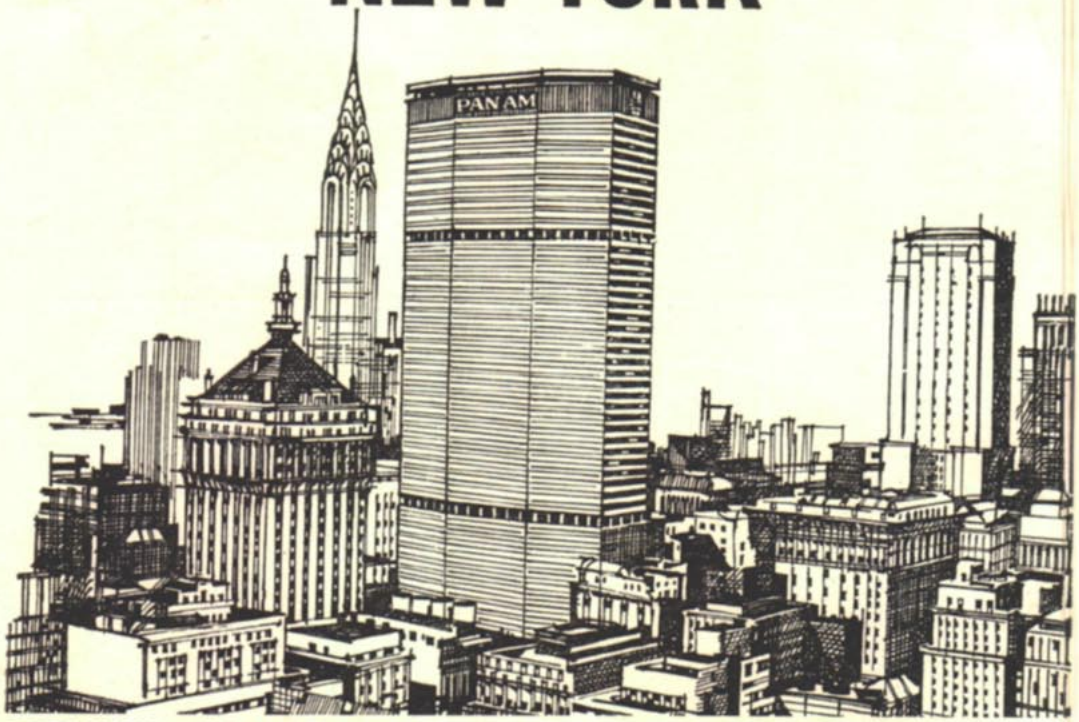

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